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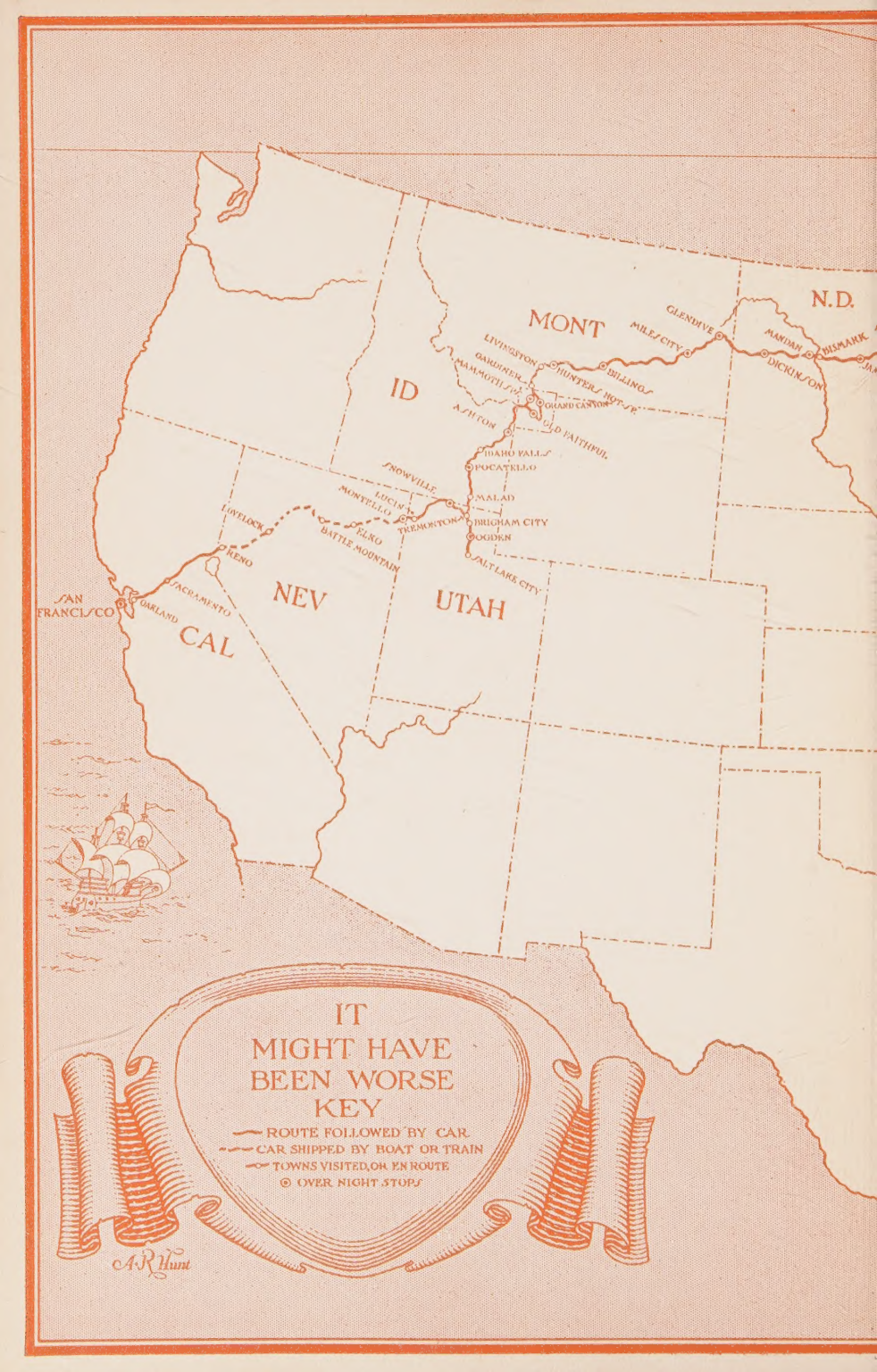
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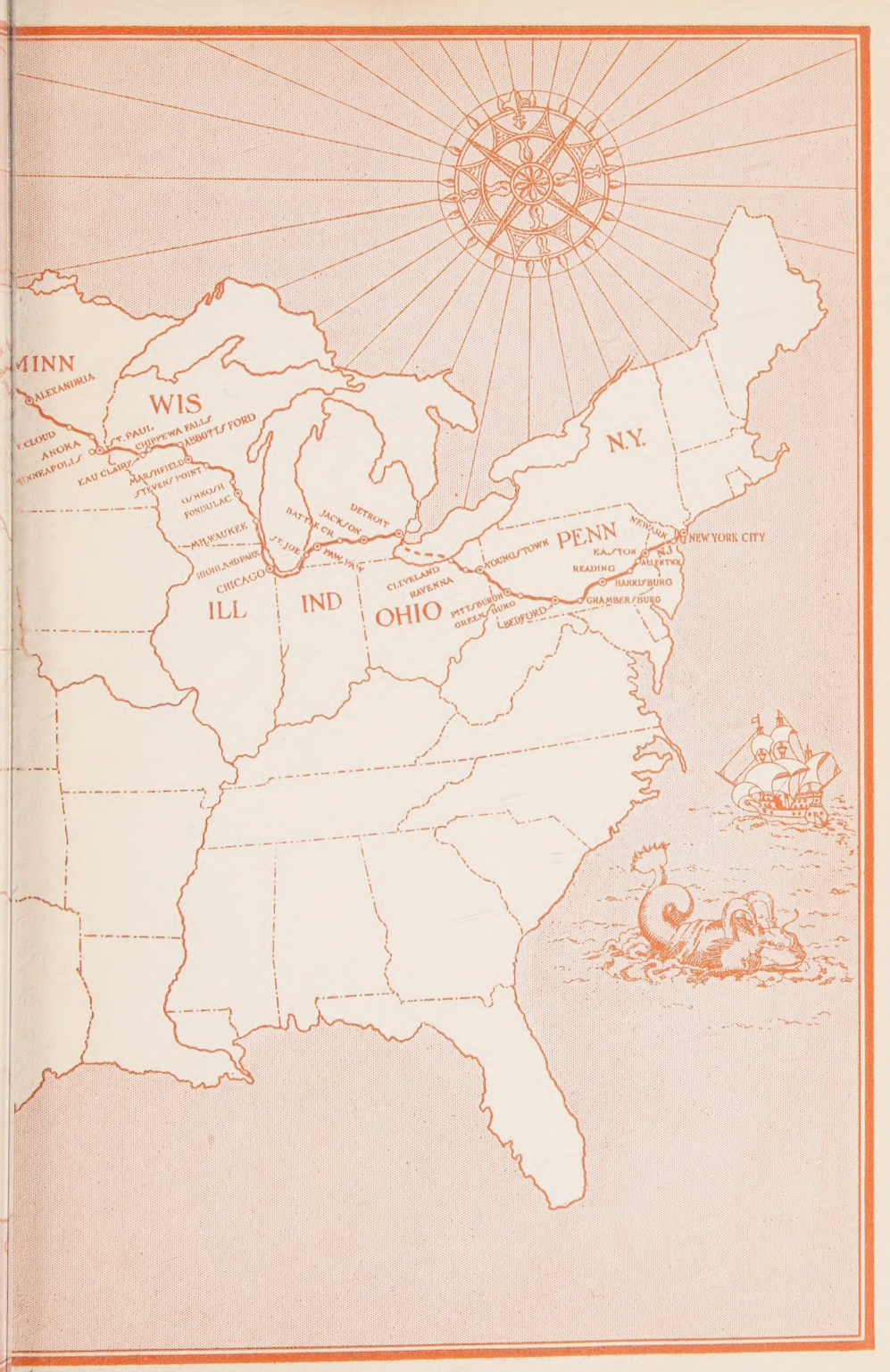
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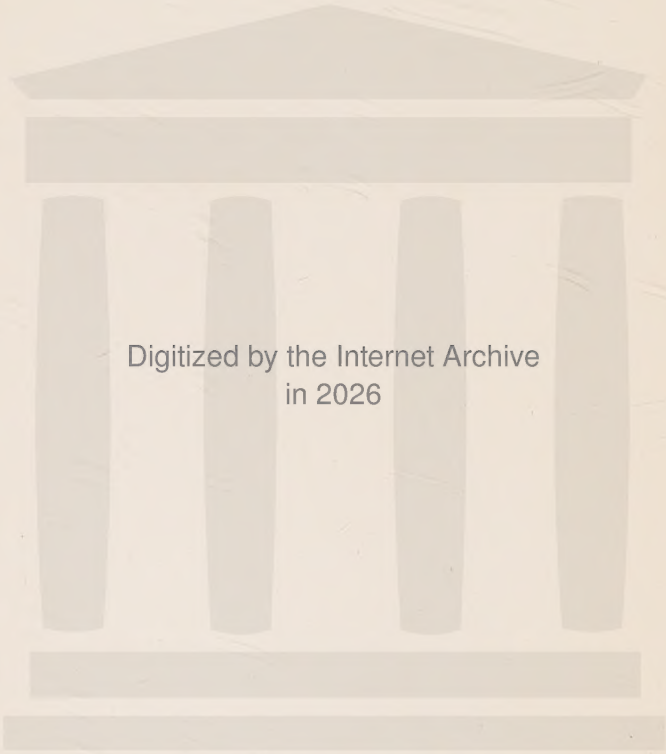
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IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

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A MOTOR TRIP FROM COAST TO COAST

BY

BEATRICE LARNED MASSEY

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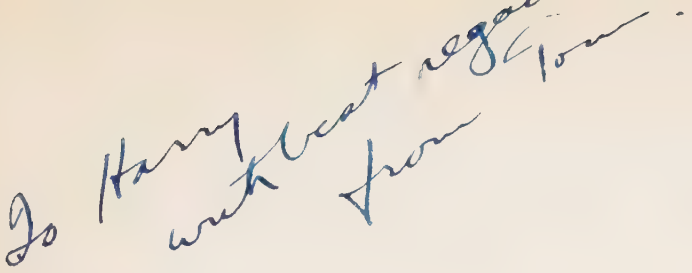

TO MY DEAR *MR. NIP*

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FOREWORD

May I state, at the start, that this account of our motor trip from New York City to San Francisco is intended to be not only a road map and a motor guide for prospective tourists, but also to interest the would-be or near motorists who take dream trips to the Pacific? It sounds like a rather large order, to motor across this vast continent, but in reality it is simple, and the most interesting trip I have ever taken in our own country or abroad.

There are so many so-called "highways" to follow, and numerous routes which, according to the folders, have "good roads and first-class accommodations all the way," that hundreds of unsuspecting citizens are touring across every year. I can speak only for ourselves, and will doubtless call down the criticism of many who have taken any other route. On the whole, it has been a revelation, and, to my mind, the only way to get a first-hand knowledge of our country, its people, the scenery, and last, but not the least, its roads — good, bad, and infinitely worse.

B. L. M.

San Francisco, January, 1920

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

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I

THE START

After reading "By Motor to the Golden Gate," by Emily Post, published in 1916, I was fired by a desire to make a similar tour. This desire grew into a firm determination the more I re-read her charming book. Then the United States went into the war, and self-respecting citizens were not spending months amusing themselves; so all thought of the trip was put aside until the spring of this year (1919). Then the "motor fever" came on again, and refused to yield to any sedatives of advice or obstacles. After talking and planning for three years, we actually decided to go in ten minutes—and in ten days we were off. All the necessary arrangements were

quickly made; leasing our home, storing our household goods, closing up business matters, getting our equipment and having the car thoroughly looked over, and all the pleasant but unnecessary duties occupied the last few days. Why will people write so many letters and say so many good-bys, when a more or less efficient mail and telegraph service circles our continent? But it is the custom, and all your friends expect it—like sending Easter and Christmas cards by the hundreds. We are victims of a well-prescribed custom.

It is always of interest to me to know the make of car that a friend (or stranger) is driving; so let me say, without any desire to advertise the Packard, that we had a new twin-six touring car, of which I shall speak later on. I believe in giving just tribute to *any* car that will come out whole and in excellent condition, without any engine troubles or having to be repaired, after a trip of 4154 miles over plains and mountains, through ditches, ruts, sand, and mud, fording streams and two days of desert-going. And let me add that my husband and I drove every mile of the way. It is needless to say that the car was not overstrained or abused, and was given

every care on the trip. In each large city the Packard service station greased and oiled the car, turned down the grease-cups, examined the brakes and steering-gear, and started us off in "apple-pie" order, with a feeling on our parts of security and satisfaction.

The subject of car equipment, tires, clothes, and luggage will take a chapter by itself. But let me say that we profited in all these regards by the experience and valuable suggestions of Mrs. Post in her book.

When we first spoke to our friends of making this trip, it created as little surprise or comment as if we had said, "We are going to tour the Berkshires." The motor mind has so grown and changed in a few years. Nearly everyone had some valuable suggestion to make, but one only which we accepted and profited by. Every last friend and relative that we had offered to go in some capacity—private secretaries, chauffeurs, valets, maids, and traveling companions. But our conscience smote us when we looked at that tonneau, the size of a small boat, empty, save for our luggage, which, let me add with infinite pride and satisfaction, was *not* on the running-boards, nor strapped to the back.

From the exterior appearance of the car we might have been shopping on Fifth Avenue.

We extended an invitation to two friends to accompany us, which was accepted by return mail, with the remark, "Go!—of course, we will go! Never give such an invitation to this family unless you are in earnest." And so our genial friends joined us, and we picked them up at the Seymour Hotel in New York City, at three o'clock, Saturday, July 19th, and started for the Forty-second-Street ferry in a pouring rain, as jolly and happy a quartette as the weather would permit. Our guests were a retired physician, whom we shall speak of as the Doctor, and his charming, somewhat younger wife, who, although possessing the perfectly good name of Helen, was promptly dubbed "Toodles" for no reason in the world. These dear people were of the much-traveled type, who took everything in perfect good-nature and were never at all fussy nor disturbed by late hours, delays, bad weather, nor any of the usual fate of motorists, and they both added to the pleasure of the trip as far as they accompanied us.

It had rained steadily for three days before we started and it poured torrents for

three days after; but that was to be expected, and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania roads were none the worse, and the freedom from dust was a boon. We chose for the slogan of our trip, "It might have been worse." The Doctor had an endless fund of good stories, of two classes, "table and stable stories," and I regret to say that this apt slogan was taken from one of his choicest stable stories, and quite unfit for publication. However, it did fit our party in its optimism and cheery atmosphere.

With a last look at the wonderful sky-line of the city, and the hum and whirl of the great throbbing metropolis, lessening in the swirl of the Hudson River, we really were started; with our faces turned to the setting sun, and the vast, wonderful West before us.

II

NEW YORK TO PITTSBURGH

One of the all-absorbing pleasures in contemplating a long trip is to map out your route. You hear how all your friends have gone, or their friends, then you load up with maps and folders, especially those published by all the auto firms and tire companies, you pore over the Blue Book of the current year, and generally end by going the way you want to go, through the cities where you have friends or special interests. This is exactly what we did. As the trip was to be taken in mid-summer, we concluded to take a northern route from Chicago, via Milwaukee, St. Paul, Fargo, Billings, Yellowstone Park, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Reno, Sacramento, to San Francisco (see map), and, strange to relate, we followed out the tour as we had planned it. With the exception of a few hot days in the larger cities and on the plains, and, of course, in the desert, we justified our decision.

As I have stated, we drove 4154 miles, through sixteen states and the Yellowstone

Park, in thirty-three running days, and the trip took just seven weeks to the day, including seventeen days spent in various cities, where we rested and enjoyed the sights. As time was of no special object, and we were not attempting to break any records, we felt free to start and stop when we felt inclined to do so; on only two mornings did we start before nine-thirty, and seldom drove later than seven in the evening. In so doing, we made a pleasure of the trip and not a duty, and avoided any unusual fatigue.

The first evening we reached Easton, Pennsylvania. We were glad to get into the comfortable Huntington Hotel out of the wet, and enjoyed a good dinner and a night's rest. We followed the Lincoln Highway to Pittsburgh, and have only praise to offer for the condition of the road and the beauty of the small towns through which we went. Of all the states that we crossed, Pennsylvania stands out *par excellence* in good roads, clean, attractive towns, beautiful farming country and fruit belts, and well-built, up-to-date farm buildings. In other states we found many such farms, but in Pennsylvania it was exceptional to find a poor, tumble-down

farmhouse or barn. The whole state had an air of thrift and prosperity, and every little home was surrounded by fine trees, flowers, and a well-kept *vegetable garden.*

The worst bugbear of the motorist are the detours. Just why the road commissioners choose the height of the motoring season to tear up the main highways and work the roads has always been a mystery to me, and I have never heard any logical solution of it. We were often told that no work to speak of had been done on the state roads through the country during the war, and in many places the heavy army trucks had cut up the good roads until the ruts left turtle-backed ridges in the center, not at all pleasant to bob along on. But, in view of what we encountered later in our trip, I look back on the Pennsylvania roads as one of the high spots and pleasures, never to be undervalued.

From Easton we drove in the rain to Harrisburg. The scenery was beautiful. The Blue Ridge and the Alleghaney Mountains loomed up in the haze like great cathedrals; but as long as the road was wide and comparatively smooth we enjoyed the ups and downs. Our engine told us that we were gradually as-

cending; the mist would be wafted off by a mountain breeze, and then a gorgeous panorama stretched before us as far as the eye could see.

We found Harrisburg a busy, thriving city, with well-paved streets, attractive homes, and many fine buildings. The leading hotel, the Penn Harris, was turning away guests; so we were made very comfortable at the Senate. Here the café was miserable, but we went to the restaurant of the Penn Harris and had an excellent dinner at moderate prices. We have found that at the largest, best hotels the food was better cooked and much cheaper than at the smaller ones. Usually we had excellent club breakfasts from forty cents up, and club lunches, with an ample selection of good things to eat, for fifty or sixty cents. You may pay more for your room and bath, but you get more for your money, with better service. We made it a rule to go to the newest, largest hotels, and indulge in every comfort that was afforded. Why? Not to be extravagant, nor to say that we had stopped at such or such hotels. After you have driven day after day, and come in stiff and tired, there is no bed too soft and no

bathroom too luxurious to overrest your mind and body. Economize in other ways if you must, but not on good food and comfortable lodgings.

Our third day was still a drizzle; we would no sooner have the top down than we would have to put it up again, and often the side curtains as well. Our objective point was the charmingly quaint town of Bedford, and the Bedford Arms. This part of Pennsylvania was more beautiful than what we had been through, and every mile of the day's run was a pleasure.

I have not spoken of our lunches, a most important item by one o'clock. We had brought a small English hamper, fitted with the usual porcelain dishes, cutlery, tin boxes, etc., for four people, and unless we were positive that a good place to eat was midway on the road, we prepared a lunch, or had the hotel put one up for us. This latter plan proved both expensive and unsatisfactory. Usually Toodles was sent foraging to the delicatessen shops for fresh rolls, cold meats and sandwiches, eggs, fruit, tomatoes, and bakery dainties, and the hotel filled our thermos-bottles with hot coffee. We carried salt and

pepper, mustard, sweet and sour pickles, or a relish, orange marmalade, or a fruit jam, in the hamper, and beyond that we took no staple supplies on the whole trip. We met so many people who carried with them a whole grocery-store, even to sacks of flour, that you would imagine there was not a place to get food from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Often later on we would meet these same people and find that they had thrown or given away most of their larder. Of course, the camping parties, which are legion, are houses on wheels! Aside from the tents, poles, bedding, and cooking utensils, we have seen stoves, sewing-machines, crates of tinned foods, trunks full of every conceivable incumbrance they could buy, strapped to the back and sides and even on the top of the car, and usually the personal luggage jammed in between the mud-guards and hood of the engine. A traveling circus is an orderly, compact miniature in comparison. And the people!—sitting on top of a mountain of baggage, or under it, the picture of woe and discomfort. That may be fun, but I fear I have not developed a capacity for such pleasure. Have you ever seen a party of this description unpack

and strike camp after a hot, broiling, dusty day of hard travel? You will do as we did—drive right ahead until you come to a clean hotel and a bath.

We have been told so often that one has to develop an "open-air" spirit to really enjoy a long motor trip! Quite true! I can't imagine what the fun can be of touring in a closed limousine, and yet we have met *that* particularly exclusive party more than once. On the whole, an absence of flies, ants, mosquitoes, and sand and dust in one's bed and food does not detract from the pleasure of the trip. It may be all right to endure such annoyances for a few days in the woods, to fish or hunt—but weeks and more weeks of it! We admit our "lack," whatever it may be termed, and enjoy clean linen, hot tubs, and tables that have legs not belonging to ants and spiders.

In Wisconsin we met a most unique and charming couple, both past fifty, who had lived all over the world, even in South America, a Mr. X and wife, from Washington, D. C. They were going on the same route as we were, and back to Washington, via southern California, the Yosemite, New Mexico, New Orleans, and then north. So their trip would

be twice as long as ours. They loved the open, with that two-ton-equipment enthusiasm excelling all others we had met. From an overstocked medicine chest, so carefully stowed away that they bought what they wanted en route rather than unload everything to try to find it, to a complete wardrobe for every occasion, which was never unpacked, they had every conceivable utensil that a well-furnished apartment could boast of. They even bought a small puppy, as a protection at night when camping; the poor little beast caught cold and crawled under the pile and died. They solved the lunch problem in a unique way. If they passed a good corn-field, they "procured" a few ears and stopped at the next farmhouse and calmly asked the loan of the kitchen for a short time, and cooked their corn and bought bread and milk, etc. Mrs. X remarked: "It is all so simple! We have all these things in case we should need them, but they are so well packed in the car it is really too bad to disturb them; so I live in one gown, and we buy what we need, and it is *most* satisfactory." Later we learned that they had camped out just three nights in several weeks.

But I have digressed, and left you at the Bedford Arms, one of the most artistic, attractive inns that we found. The little touches showed a woman's hand. Flowers everywhere, dainty cretonnes, willow furniture, and pretty, fine china; in appearance, courtesy, and efficiency, the maids in the dining-room might have come from a private dwelling. Will someone tell me why there are not more such charming places to stop at on our much-traveled main highways. Why *must* hotel men buy all the heavy, hideous furniture, the everlasting red or green carpets and impossible wall-paper, to make night hideous for their guests—to say nothing of the pictures on their walls? It is a wonder one can sleep.

There is much of interest to see in Bedford—really old, artistic houses, not spoiled by modern gewgaws, set in lovely gardens of old-fashioned flowers, neatly trimmed hedges, and red brick walks. There were few early Victorian eyesores to mar the general beauty of the town. As we were walking down the main street about sunset, we heard a great chattering and chirping, as if a thousand birds were holding a jubilee. Looking up, we

found, on a projecting balcony running along the front of all the buildings for two blocks, hundreds of martins discussing the League of Nations and Peace Treaty quite as vigorously as were their senatorial friends in Washington. They were fluttering about and making a very pretty picture. It sounded like the bird market in Paris on a Sunday morning, which, in passing, is an interesting sight that few tourists ever see.

It was with regret that we left the next morning for Pittsburgh. The day was clear and cool and the best part of the Lincoln Highway was before us; in fact, the first real thrill so far, and one of the high spots of the trip. This was a stretch of seven and a half miles of tarvia road on the top ridge of the Alleghany Mountains, as smooth as marble, as straight as the bee flies, looking like a strip of satin ribbon as far as the eye could see. On both sides were deep ravines, well wooded, and valleys green with abundant crops, and still higher mountains rising in a haze of blue and purple coloring, making a picture that would never be forgotten. The top was down and we stopped the car again and again, to drink it in, and, as one of us remarked, "We

may see more grand and rugged scenery later on, but we shall not see anything more beautiful than this"—and it proved true.

We had come 442 miles, from New York to Pittsburgh, over fine roads and through beautiful country. Approaching Pittsburgh, we came in on a boulevard overlooking the river and "valley of smoke." Great stacks were belching out soot and smoke, obliterating the city and even the sky and sun. They may have a smoke ordinance, but no one has ever heard of it. We arrived at the William Penn Hotel, in the heart of the business center of the city, a first-class, fine hotel in every regard. We found the prices reasonable for the excellent service afforded, which was equal to that of any New York hotel. The dining-room, on the top of the house, was filled with well-dressed people, and we were glad that we had unpacked our dinner clothes, and appeared less like the usual tourist, in suits and blouses. It was frightfully hot during our two days' stay. You go out to drive feeling clean and immaculate, and come in with smuts and soot on your face and clothes, looking like a foundry hand. The office buildings are magnificent, and out a bit in the

parks and boulevards the homes are attractive, and many are very handsome, especially in Sewickley. But aside from the dirty atmosphere one is impressed mostly by the evidences of the outlay of immense wealth. An enthusiastic brother living there took us through a number of the business blocks, and told us of the millions each cost and the almost unbelievable amount of business carried on. I can only describe Pittsburgh as the proudest city we visited. Not so much of the actual wealth represented, but of what the billions had accomplished in great industries. We went out in the evening and stood on one of the bridges to look over the river lined with monster furnaces. The air was filled with sparks, jets of flame bursting through the smoke. All you could think of was Dante's Inferno visualized. And what of the men who spend their lives in that lurid atmosphere, never knowing if the sun shone, nor what clean, pure air was like in their working hours? I shall never look at a steel structure again without giving more credit to the men who spend their waking hours in those hells of heat and smoke than to the men whose millions have made it possible.

The second day, nothing daunted by the heat, we went out to the St. Clair Country Club for lunch and golf, about a twenty-mile run through the suburbs. This is a comparatively small and new club, but our host told us that they were soon to have a fine clubhouse and improve the links. The location is attractive, and the luncheon was delicious. We had brought our golf bags, tennis racquets, and bathing suits with us, much to the amusement of our friends. After sitting in the car day in and day out, I know of no better way to stretch your legs and arms and to exercise your stiff muscles than to put in a few hours at either game. My husband described this course thus: "You have to hold on to a tree with one hand and drive with the other, the bally course is so steep." There are many more pretentious country clubs and golf links about Pittsburg, but this small one had charm and a homelike atmosphere. Our last evening we were taken to the "New China," the last word in Chinese restaurants —beautiful, clean, and artistic! You have your choice of American or Chinese dishes. As we were looking for sensations, we ordered some marvelous dishes with impossi-

ble names. One portion was sufficient for three hungry people. The other two portions were untouched. I do not know what we ate, but it was delicious. Truth compels me to state that we were all ill for three days, and decided to patronize home cooking in the future.

We did not get away until noon the next day, as our auto top had been torn in the garage, and the manager kept out of sight until noon, and then, after considerable pressure had been brought to bear, he made a cash settlement of fifteen dollars, wishing us all the bad luck his "Mutt and Jeff" mind could conjure.

III

OHIO AND DETOURS

We were assured that we should find good roads through Ohio to Cleveland, where we were to take the D. & C. steamer to Detroit. If we were to take this part of the trip again, we should certainly go to Chicago, via Toledo and South Bend, Indiana. As we had relatives in Detroit waiting in the heat to see us, and to depart for cooler climes, we took the most direct route through Youngstown, Ohio, to Cleveland. The roads were poor and the many detours were almost impassable—over high hills, on narrow sandy roads, winding like a letter S through the woods. One long stretch was so narrow that two cars could not pass; so they had two roads, one going each way. The Doctor remarked, "I wonder what would happen if a car broke down on this detour." Prophetic soul! He no sooner had said it than we rounded a curve, and presto! there were six cars, puffing and snorting, lined up back of an Overland car, which was disabled and stuck fast in the

sand. In half an hour there were ten cars back of ours—and the sun setting over the hills, and fifty miles to Youngstown! The owner of the car knew nothing of his engine. Heaven save us from such motorists! But Heaven did not save us, for we met dozens of men, headed for the wilds of somewhere, who were as blissfully ignorant of what made the wheels go round as their wives were.

It may have been a coincidence, but is nevertheless a fact, that nearly every car we saw disabled, ditched, stuck in the mud or sand, or being towed in, on the entire trip, was an Overland car. It really became a joke. When we saw a wreck ahead of us, some one exclaimed, "Dollars to doughnuts it is an Overland!"—and it generally was. It used to be a common expression, "If you wished to really know people, travel with them." I would change it to "Motor, and grow wise." There were as many varieties of dispositions in that belated crowd as there were people. Everyone got out of his car and went ahead to the wreck, offering advice, growling, complaining, and cursing Ohio detours. A few sat on the roadside and laughed, chatted, or read the papers. As it was hot and dusty, we looked

like an emigrant train. My husband is an engineer with a knowledge of cars. He suggested some simple remedy which enabled the man to get his car to the next siding, and we all started with a whoop of joy on the wretched road, leaving the Overland owner to spend the night at a farmhouse near by.

Our troubles were not over. With a steep grade before us, I was driving, going up steadily on second speed, when a real wreck loomed up three-quarters of the way to the top of the hill. Two drunken niggers had upset a rickety old truck loaded with furniture in the center of the road, and their car had zigzagged across the road, narrowly escaping a plunge down the steep embankment. You could not pass on either side; so, with my heart in my mouth, I reversed, backing our car into the farther side of the road, with two wheels in a deep stony ditch, but safe from sliding down-hill on top of the cars coming up back of us. It looked as if we were to share the fate of our Overland friend and stay there indefinitely. We all jumped out and tried to clear the house and lot out of our way. Those miserable niggers just sat on top of the débris and refused to work. After tug-

ging at spring beds and filthy bedding, we succeeded in getting it pushed to one side. I had had enough driving for one day, so gave the wheel to my husband, and he started the engine. We did not budge! The next half-hour was spent in filling up the ditch with stones and making a bridge by covering the stones with boards. Eventually the car started, pulling itself out of the slough of despair, and narrowly escaped turning turtle. The Doctor, Toodles, and I all called wildly, "Keep going! don't stop!"—and on he climbed to the top, while we trudged up through the dust, a quarter of a mile. All that night I dreamt I was backing off the Alps into space.

Oh, what a tired, dirty party it was that drove up to the Ohio Hotel in Youngstown that night! Someone had told us that there was a good hotel in Youngstown, but we soon came to form our own conclusions about hotels. This was a delightful surprise. Not only good, but wonderful, for a city of the size of Youngstown. After we were scrubbed and sitting down to a delicious dinner in the big cool café, a broad smile spread over the table, and the Doctor suggested, "You know, it really might have been worse!"

The next day we had more detours; but, in the main, the state highways, *when* they could be traversed, were good. The rural scenery through Ohio was pleasing, but we had left the Lincoln Highway and the beautiful farms of Pennsylvania.

We reached Cleveland by four, driving directly to the D. & C. wharves. The "Eastern States" was being loaded, and the monster "City of Detroit III," a floating palace, was starting out for Buffalo, I believe. Although the week-end travel is always heavy, and this was Friday, we were most fortunate in getting staterooms, with brass beds (not bunks), running water, and a bathroom. It may be of interest to state that the cost of shipping the car to Detroit, a night's run, was only $14.50. As we did not sail until nine o'clock, and we could not go aboard nor leave the car, we drove out the Lake Shore drive overlooking Lake Erie, through beautiful suburbs, with attractive homes and gardens, and then something told us it must be time to investigate the hotels. As we had all sampled the excellent cooking at the Statler, we dined at the fine Cleveland Hotel—modern in all its appointments, in good taste, and unexcelled

service. We remarked the appearance of the people. There was not a smartly gowned woman in the dining-room, and the waiters had a monopoly of the dress suits. Being hot, and in midsummer, and a more or less transient gathering, might have been the reason. In many large cities, in first-class hotels, we found the tired business men in business suits and the women in skirts and blouses. Never did anything taste more delicious than the broiled fresh whitefish, just out of the lake, green corn on the cob, melons, and peaches. As long as we remained in the Great Lakes region, we reveled in the whitefish, broiled, sauté, or baked. It is the king of fresh-water fish.

I am beginning to realize that I am exhausting my descriptive adjectives when it comes to hotels. Time was, not so very far distant, when a hotel like the Cleveland was not to be found, except in possibly half a dozen cities in this country. Now it is the rule. On all our long trip, with the exception of three nights, we had perfectly comfortable, clean double rooms, usually with twin beds, and private baths with modern sanitary plumbing and an abundance of hot, not tepid,

water. We have been assured by the proprietors that the change has been wrought by motorists who demanded better lodgings. I think the farmer is the only member of society who still holds a grudge against us as a class; but when he is the proud possessor of a "Little Henry" he slides over to our side unconsciously. A book could be written on "Motoring as an art, a profession, a pastime, a luxury or a necessity, a money maker or a spender, a joy or a nuisance"—and then much more!

Before leaving Cleveland I must speak of its fine municipal buildings, its many industries, and its far-famed Euclid Avenue, once the finest of streets, lined on both sides with massive, splendid residences, many with grounds a block square; alas! long since turned into boarding-houses, clubs, and places of business—the inevitable transition from a small to a great city.

Our trip across Lake Erie was quiet and cooling. That is not always the case, even on such big steamers as the D. & C. line affords. I have seen that lake lashed into fury by waves that rocked the largest boat like a cockleshell. Breakfast on the steamer was all

that could be desired. It was some time before we had the car on the dock, ready to start to our hotel in Detroit. The ride up the river had been interesting, past old Fort Wayne, the Great Lakes engineering plant and dry docks, and the grain elevators; even at that early hour (seven A. M.) the wharves were alive with the bustle of trade.

Here I pause. Detroit was my home city and that of my father and grandfather in territorial days. My earliest recollections of it were of broad streets, fine homes, and an atmosphere of dignified culture and home-loving people. But now! It has outgrown recognition. It has outgrown every semblance of its former charm. Like Cleveland, the old homes on the principal avenues are all given over to trade, and the streets down-town are overcrowded, noisy, and well-nigh impassable. The Statler is a new and fine hotel. We went to the Pontchartrain, formerly the old Russell House, which in its palmy days, in the Messrs. Chittenden régime, was the center of the social life of Detroit. It has passed through several hands, and is now doubtless torn down. We found it run down and undesirable in every way. Even then we felt more

at home there and made the best of things. We spent two and a half days, as hot as I ever experienced. The nights were so hot that sleep was out of the question. A drive around the Island Park, Belle Isle, cooled us off a bit. Thousands were taking advantage of the municipal bathhouses or a swim in the river.

If the city has been spoiled down-town, it has been equally beautified in the outlying sections. The drive to Grosse Pointe along Lake St. Clair has ten miles of residences unsurpassed in America. The magnificent home of Senator Truman Newberry and dozens of others that could be mentioned, set in acres of highly cultivated grounds, commanding an unobstructed view of Lake St. Clair, are worthy of a special trip to Detroit to see.

We lunched at the Country Club, but weakened when it came to trying the celebrated golf links. It was too boiling hot! There were not more than a dozen people at the club. Usually the place was crowded. There are other fine clubs and links about Detroit, and the city seems to have gone golf mad—a very healthful form of insanity! The Detroit Athletic Club, in the business center, claims to be the finest private city club in America. If pat-

ronage is any indication of its excellence, this must be true. My brother, Mr. L., gave us a beautiful dinner there, and we certainly have not seen anything to surpass it. Our time was all too quickly spent, and the heat literally drove us out of town. Before leaving, we paid our respects to the mayor, Mr. C., an old-time friend. While we were pleasantly chatting with him and he was graciously offering us the keys of the city, my husband had a summons served on him and the car locked for leaving it more than an hour at the curb. He was taken to police headquarters and paid his fine and then returned for us. As we were praising the efficiency of the mayor, he gave us a knowing smile, and some days later showed us his summons!

IV

ON TO CHICAGO

I REALIZE that I am giving a most unsatisfactory picture of the Eastern and Middle-West cities. Our time was limited, and space forbids my giving anything but a cursory glance, a snapshot view, of their size and beauty. And, then, most tourists visit these places and the reading public have an intimate knowledge of them.

We left Detroit, having been told at the Michigan Automobile Association that we should find excellent roads. As one prominent broker remarked, "You can drive the length of the state on macadamized roads." Where were they? Surely not the way we went, the way described in the Blue Book. And let me state right here that we have never had much faith in that publication, and now what little we had is *nihil!* A few miles out of the city we struck a detour which lasted nearly to Ann Arbor. We had left at six o'clock, and when we reached the university city all places to dine were closed. We did

not *dine*. We had pot-luck supper at a Greek restaurant, and started for Jackson to spend the night. Ann Arbor is a beautiful place, and the university buildings and fraternity houses are second to none of all we saw in other states. The road did not improve, and we arrived at Jackson very late and put up at the Otsego Hotel. It was crowded, and we were given the "sample rooms," in which the traveling-men displayed their goods on long tables. We had comfortable beds and private baths, but you felt as if you were sleeping in a department store, with the counters covered with white cloths. Otherwise, the Otsego is a good hotel, and we were perfectly comfortable. By the time we were through breakfast, we asked to have a lunch put up, and were kindly but firmly told that it was nine-thirty, and the chef had gone home and locked up everything. We pleaded for some hot coffee and *anything* cooked that was left from breakfast. But no, not a sandwich nor a roll could we buy! We met this condition time after time. If we arrived at a hotel after eight o'clock in the evening, we were met with the same retort—"Chef gone and everything closed." A dozen times and more we

were obliged to go out and forage for supper —"due to the eight-hour law," we were always told. As it was nearly ten o'clock, we trusted to luck to find a lunching-place en route. Fortune certainly favored us in the most unexpected way—not in our roads, which still were poor, but in the shape of two little girls on the wayside. As we were passing through a hamlet called Smithfield—before reaching Albion—we were attracted by two dainty girls with baskets of goodies waiting for us. Their names were Evelyn and Willetta Avery, and they proved to be fairy godmothers. Their mother owned the neighboring farm, and these children were spending their vacation in supplying lunches to passers-by. Everything was done up in fresh napkins and was real home cooking. This is what we bought from them: a quart of fresh blueberries (which Toodles, in her joy, promptly upset in the tonneau, and we walked on blueberries for days!), fresh cake, pie, honey, hard-boiled eggs, tongue sandwiches, hot bread and rolls, a pat of sweet butter, and oh! such home-made pickles, raspberry jam (a pint glass), and a bottle of ice-cold spring water, an abundance for four

hungry grown-ups, and all for $2.10. We gave them both liberal tips and they smiled and waved us out of sight. That was a banner luncheon, and the best but one on the trip.

We stopped in the interesting city of Albion. The college was founded and endowed by General Fisk, of Civil War fame, whose only daughter, Mrs. P., is one of New York's most beautiful and prominent women. That afternoon about four we came to Battle Creek, and as the Doctor's eyes were troubling him, from the heat and dust, we drove to the sanatorium, where he could receive treatment. It is an immense place and beautifully kept up. We were sitting in the car outside, watching the crowds of patients with their friends, when a number of wagons, like popcorn wagons, came into view, pushed about by the white-robed attendants. The wagon itself and the four uprights were covered with white cloth and festooned with fresh vines and flowers. In the center, hidden from view, was an ice-cream freezer, and young girls in white, carrying flowers, were dispensing ice-cream cones at five cents each. It was as pretty a sight as I ever saw. The carts were wheeled through the grounds and everyone,

sick or well, indulged. It was our first introduction to ice-cream cones, but we acquired the habit; and thereafter our afternoon tea consisted of ice cream, generally bought at a soda-water fountain in some small town along our road. It may be fattening, but it is nourishing and refreshing. Even in the tiny hamlets on the plains of Montana we found good, rich ice cream. It is certainly an American institution and a very palatable one.

We had come ninety miles over bad roads, and it was 160 miles to Chicago, so we decided to stop at Paw Paw for the night. We drove through the town and inquired which was the best hotel—our usual question—and were told that they had two, but the Dyckman House was first-class—a typical small country hotel, with little promise of comfort. We were shown into big, comfortable rooms with one private bath; but were told that "supper was over." The manager was a typical small-town person of importance, but had a kindly eye, and looked amenable to persuasion. The others had given up hope; not so with me! Then and there I invented a "sob-story" that would have melted Plymouth Rock. It became our stock in trade, and many

a supperless night we would have had without it. After praising up the town and his hotel, and saying that we had heard of its hospitality, and so forth; that we were strangers, and had come all the way from New York; that we were tired and hungry, and I *really* was not very well; and that the price was no consideration, etc., he walked out to the kitchen and caught the cook with her hat on ready to depart, gave his orders, and in twenty minutes we were doing full justice to a perfectly good supper. After we had finished, I went out into the summer kitchen and found a good-natured Irish woman, as round as she was pleasing, fanning herself. I gave her a dollar, thanked her for staying, and made a friend for life.

Even in Michigan our New York license attracted much attention. When we came out of a hotel or store, a crowd of people had invariably gathered about the car and were feeling the tires. The size seemed to astonish them. The fact that we had come from New York filled them with awe, and when, in fun, we said we were going to San Francisco, they were speechless! "Aw, gaw on!" or "By heck!" was all that they could exclaim.

Our last taste of Michigan roads was worse than the first. We went by the way of Benton Harbor, with sandy detours and uninteresting country, until we struck the strip of Indiana before coming into South Chicago. Our troubles were over for a long time. A breeze had come up from the lake, and we slept under blankets that night for the first time in two weeks. We were all familiar with Chicago, and we wished to stop out on the Lake Shore, if possible. We drove through the city, out on the North Shore Boulevard to the Edgewater Hotel, of which we had heard charming reports. A block below the hotel cars were parked by the dozens. It is built directly on the shore, with the most remarkable dining-room at the water's edge, like the deck of an ocean liner, filled with palms, flowers, and smartly dressed people, many in evening clothes. The tables were all reserved, and so were the rooms, two weeks in advance—this was the pleasant news that awaited us! Could they take us in the next day? "No, possibly not for a week or more." No "sob-story" to help us here! But the clerks were obliging and advised our going about ten miles farther out, to the North

Shore Hotel in Evanston, which we found delightful in every way—very near the lake, quiet, furnished in exquisite taste, and good food at reasonable prices. But even here we found the eight-hour law in force; we could not get a bite after eight o'clock. We went to half a dozen restaurants—all closed! In desperation we went into what looked to be a candy store, and found they were closing up the café! They could serve nothing but ice cream and sodas. We asked to see the manager and told him our plight. He was an Eastern man, a long-lost brother. He said, "As you placed your order just before eight o'clock, *of course* we shall serve you." It was quite nine by this time. He kept his face straight, and we tried to do the same. That dinner certainly did touch the spot! It was the "Martha Washington Café," and certainly immortalized the gracious lady for all time for us. Later we went back to the Edgewater Hotel for our mail and to dine, and we were more charmed with it than before.

We had come 1028 miles from New York. Our car had to be thoroughly cleaned, oiled, and looked over; so we were without it for two days. The street-car strike was on in full

force, not a surface car moving in the city. Consequently, we walked, rested, and saw but little of the city. It was quite ten years since any of us had been there; in that time Chicago had grown and been so improved that we hardly knew it. If Pittsburgh people are proud of their city, Chicagoans are the original "boosters." Nature has done so much for its location. Its system of parks and boulevards is not equaled by any city. There is a natural, outspoken pride evinced by the people of the best class—not ashamed of a humble beginning, but glorying in the vast importance of the commercial and financial life. To quote from the folder of the Yellowstone Trail, which we picked up here and followed without any trouble to St. Paul, Minnesota, "Nothing need be said about Chicago. Chicago is the heart of America and speaks for herself." Other cities may challenge this, but there is every evidence of its truth. In time, Chicago will give New York a good race; in fact, she is doing it now.

Our genial Doctor left us here, much to our regret. We went on, a select party of three.

V

THROUGH THE DAIRY COUNTRY

"A good road from Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound." Thus reads the Yellowstone Trail folder. If you really believe a thing, you may be excused for stating it as a truth. The trusting soul who wrote that alluring statement has never been over the entire trail, or I am greatly mistaken. Credit must be given for the system of marking the trail. At every turn, right or left, the yellow disk is in plain sight.

On leaving Chicago, we went through Lincoln Park and up the Sheridan Road to Milwaukee. The road is a wonderful boulevard, with beautiful homes and estates and glimpses of Lake Michigan, past the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, now the largest in the United States. We had heard much of Zion City. Driving down its main street was like a funeral. The houses were closed, the buildings seemed deserted, and the only evidences of life were two men, a horse and wagon, and a stray dog! We found a good mac-

adam road to Oshkosh from Milwaukee and many such stretches through Wisconsin. At times the road followed closely the shore of Lake Winnebago, and then would wind through fertile dairy country. Trainloads of butter and cheese are shipped from here each year, and high-bred dairy cattle are raised for the market. Was it not strange that we did not have Wisconsin cheese on the menu at any hotel in that state? Several times we asked for it, but no cheese was forthcoming.

The first night we put up at Fond du Lac, at Irvine Hotel. It was fairly good, but a palace compared with what we found the next night at Stevens Point—the Jacobs Hotel. This was our first uncomfortable experience —a third-rate house, with no private bath, hard beds in little tucked-up rooms, a bowl and pitcher with cold water and two small towels the size of napkins, and the most primitive table you could imagine. The weather had kept cool and clear, but the sandy roads with deep ruts were *awful!* As it had rained in the night, the clerk assured us next morning that four cars were stuck in the road west of the town, and we had better not start. We asked him if there was a good hotel at Marsh-

field. "Good hotel! Well, you folks just wait till you see it! They actually have Brussels carpet on the floor of the dining-room! Good hotel, eh? Nothin' better this side of Chicago!" The cars were lined up in the street waiting to start. The clouds looked heavy and threatening, and not a ray of blue sky. Everyone was talking to someone. The formalities are discarded on such occasions. We fell into conversation with a charming man, Mr. H., from Fargo, North Dakota. Later we found that he was the ex-governor, and his name was sufficient to get anything you wanted in the Northwest. He and his family were touring to New York; so we exchanged maps and experiences, and he gave us a list of towns and hotels that proved invaluable, with the kindly remark, "If you will show the hotel clerks this list with my name, I am sure you will be well taken care of." We certainly were — and more! — from there to Yellowstone Park.

We found the Blodgett Hotel at Marshfield—with a really, truly carpet in the dining-room—a good hotel, clean and comfortable. The next day we had two hundred miles to go to St. Paul, and were promised

good roads. Colby, Eau Claire, and Chippewa Falls are all attractive towns. Wisconsin boasts of six thousand lakes. It certainly is a paradise for the huntsman and the angler—"The land with charm for every mile." The method of numbering the state highways is the best we have found. You simply can't lose your way. We, unfortunately, had several long detours and did not reach St. Paul until one A. M., a very sleepy trio, in a disreputable-looking car.

VI

CLOTHES, LUGGAGE, AND THE CAR

We decided to take as little luggage as possible. In the end, we found that we had more than ten people would need. Each of us had a large dress-suit case, a small handbag with toilet articles, an extra bag for soiled linen (which proved useful), two golf-bags, with umbrellas and rubbers (which were never used), a case of tennis-rackets and balls, a shawl-strap with a heavy rug, rain-coats and top-coats for cold weather, the lunch-hamper, and a silk bag for hats. The tonneau was comfortably filled, with still room for two, and even three, people. The thermos-bottles were stowed away in the side-pockets, easy of access. All the maps were in the right-hand front pocket by the person sitting with the driver. We had an old rug which was so disreputable that no one would steal it; we had been on the point of throwing it away a dozen times, but after it came from the cleaners we hadn't the heart to leave it behind. That old relic proved to be the joy of the

trip. We sat on it when lunching on the roadside, used it to protect the car from the bags and golf-clubs, and when we had a puncture down it went under the car to avoid collecting all the dust of the road on my husband's clothes. We still have it, and consider the old veteran deserves a pension for life. My advice—take an *old* rug!

And our clothes: Of course, a silk or an alpaca dust-coat; linen soon shows soil and looks mussy. This applies to the ladies. I won't attempt to advise men, for they will wear what best suits them. We wore one-piece gowns of serge, and, when it was hot, voile or even gingham. We each had a silk afternoon frock, which would shake out and look presentable for dinner, a black evening gown for dress-up occasions, a half-dozen crêpe de chine blouses, and a cloth suit. We could have done without the suits. They were used but once or twice. We all took heaps of under-linen, only to find that we could get one-day laundry service in any good hotel, and could buy almost anything in the cities, and even in the small towns. The color of our linen resembled coffee at times, but, aside from that unpleasant feature, we could keep

clean and comfortable with no trouble. We each had a sport skirt, a sweater, shoes, a pair of evening pumps, a pair of heavy top-boots, and two pairs of Oxford ties, black and tan, with sensible heels. In driving, I soon found the long-vamp, pointed toe not only a nuisance, but dangerous, and used an old-fashioned, round-toed low shoe. Hats! There every woman is a law unto herself. We each had a good-looking hat in the hat-bag, which, after being tied to the rug-rail, sat on, smashed by the bags, and wet a few times, still kept our hats very presentable. Straw hats will break and be ruined. Those made of ribbon or black satin will withstand the weight of a ton of luggage and come out looking fairly decent. Wash gloves proved practical, also white Shetland veils. Toodles was swathed like an escaped harem beauty; but one good Shetland veil, well tied and pinned in, kept my sailor hat in place comfortably, even when the top was down and I was driving. The hat with a brim is a necessity when the sun shines for weeks at a time. I did not wear motor goggles, but the others did. Through all the Western states we found the female population in khaki breeches and

puttees, khaki blouses, and hats like a sunbonnet or a cowboy's sombrero, and occasionally a coat to match, which was short and of a most unbecoming length. Often high tan boots were substituted for the puttees. It was a sensible costume, and well adapted to the country and life in the open that Western women lead. They all rode astride, wisely. Often we met parties of four in a Ford just hitting the high spots on the road.

The farther we went into the real West, the West of the movies and the early days pictured by Bret Harte, we realized what part these Western women had played, and were still playing, in their unselfish, brave, industrious, vital lives, in the opening and developing of that vast territory, and in making such a trip as ours comfortable, safe, and even possible. I think, if I ever take the trip again, I shall adopt khaki breeches, and send my petticoats by express to our destination. This reminds me that I have not spoken of our trunks. Nine out of ten people that we have met in San Francisco have asked, "What became of your trunks, or didn't you have any?" Before leaving New York we sent, collect, by American Railway Express, a

large wardrobe trunk, the usual steamer trunk, and a French hat-box to San Francisco, "Hold until claimed." These were held for seven weeks, and the total expense, delivered to our hotel, was $45.50—not at all bad.

No matter of what material your clothes are made, a long motor trip ruins them. It is a large expense to get them pressed, and a small electric iron answers the purpose. It takes up but little space—every small hotel is equipped with electricity—and you appear *sans* creases and wrinkles. Don't do as one friend did, who put it in her traveling case with her bottles. One good bump did the business, and when she took it out "the mess of tooth-powder, cold cream, sunburn lotion, and broken glass was enough to spoil my trip." Her stock was soon replenished. In every small town across the continent, without *one* exception, we found the Rexall drugs and articles for sale; even when the town failed to boast of a ten-cent store, Dr. Rexall was on hand. It struck us as very remarkable, and was most convenient many times.

The one article that I regretted not bringing was a good camera. When all our friends said, "Of course, you will take a camera," my

husband replied, that he wouldn't be bothered with one; "they are a perfect nuisance." That may be true, and the camera did not go touring; but some incidents that occurred cannot be adequately pictured in words—one in particular, our encounter with bears! Of this I shall speak later.

And now, of the car! I wished my husband, who had all the care of the car, to write his chapter. "Every man knows what to take, and how to care for his car, and there is no use giving any advice." Perhaps he will—he has!

BY T. G. M. (UNDER PROTEST)

The authoress demands that I, a mere hubby, include a few chirps of advice and whatnots to the intrepid masculine persuasion who drives his own car and contemplates the trip across. You will first undoubtedly think of wearing apparel, and pass those attractive window displays in your home city, with Claude in a lovely green plush hunting suit and Myrtle in a rakish hat, leather coat, and white shoes! Don't succumb, but take your old "comfy" gray golf or outing suit, with extra trousers, two caps, a medium-weight

overcoat, a stout pair of driving-gloves, a half-dozen golf shirts with short sleeves (these are a joy for hot-weather driving and working around the car), a long pongee dust-coat, and one extra suit for emergencies. Your "soup and fish" may better be left at home, unless you plan a stay in some city. One scarcely ever sees evening dress about the hotels in the West, especially among tourists, and never among their distant cousins, the "Fordists."

For the car, I should carry a wire cable, a tow-line, a spool of annealed wire, six extra spark-plugs, two spare mounted shoes, an extra tube, a valve, and a valve-spring. Be provided with an engine-driven tire-pump, a roll of tape, a tube-repair kit (Lowe's is a good one), and a twelve-inch Stillson pipe wrench, which you may find a life-saver in an hour of despair. Of course, you will have oil and grease-guns, a pound of grease, and plenty of soft old cloths (which are preferable to waste), and your regular equipment of tools.

Our first puncture was a nightmare. The car was heavily loaded with fourteen pieces of baggage, four spare tires, etc., and it taxed my vocabulary and my moral and physical

strength to raise that right rear wheel. Next day I acquired a T. C. (or traveling companion) that never left me—a nice scraggly four-by-six wood block about thirty inches long, chamfered at one end. Of course, the next puncture was also a rear-wheel tire — this time the left one; but here was where T. C. came in. I wedged the chamfered end of T. C. under and ahead of said tire, started the engine, and advanced the car until it rode the block, then put the jack under the rear axle and took the car-weight off the block, pulled out the block, changed the tire, pushed the car off the jack—and presto! there it was, ready for the road, and not even a hair mussed. T. C. is my friend!

By all means acquire honestly (surreptitiously, if you must) a waterproof khaki tarpaulin about eight feet by five. You will find this invaluable to cover the spot where you must kneel or lie to fix things when Old Father Fate hands you a puncture or other kill-joy.

Cord tires are also worth your while; they not only wear much better, and stand up under heat and sand, but you can safely carry a low tire-pressure. Our car weighed close to

five thousand pounds, but we carried only fifty-five to sixty pounds pressure. This makes for comfortable riding, reduces your chances of a broken spring, and eases the pain when bucking the deadly chuck-holes that look so harmless but feel much worse than you anticipate—yes, much worse!

We preferred the gas sold by the service stations of reliable oil companies, and, in the main, found it much better and cheaper than the average garage gas—and, between friends, more accurately measured.

The tire-service stations are provided with handy local maps, and between them and the garages you can get the best information relative to the roads in general, and particularly detours, the motorists' bugbear. Road conditions often change entirely in a few days, and, outside of guiding you along the main traveled routes, the Blue Book ordinarily is not of much assistance. For setting-up exercises, every morning I tested my tire-pressure, turned down all grease-cups, looked over steering mechanism, rear axle, drive-shaft, brakes and spring shackles, and, as a result, we came through with flying colors, without the slightest accident, and our car

runs better now than when we started, 4154 miles away.

It may be of interest to speak further of the gas, for, as an item of expense, and your greatest necessity, you *have* to consider it. We saw no Socony gas after leaving Chicago; the Red Crown gas had taken its place. There were a dozen other makes—Union, Iroquois, Shell, Associated, etc., ranging in price from twenty to forty cents a gallon. Every town and many grocery-stores on the road could supply you. As our tank held twenty-one gallons, not once did we have to carry extra gas. The longest stretch was seventy miles without gas for sale. Of course, you get less mileage in the high altitudes, and the radiator needs to be filled several times a day.

We carried an extra can of water, with our drinking-bottles filled, through the highest mountain country and in the desert; otherwise, the town pump was easily found. We had four spare shoes, but used only one. Two punctures from New York to California is a record to bring joy to any motor heart. Twice we picked up nails, and once some joker stuck a long pin into a tire. Dr. B., of Bronx-

ville, New York, advised us to have a Yale lock put on either side of the hood of the engine, remarking, "Those rubes in country garages are mighty inquisitive, and have no love for city cars. I have had my carburetor monkeyed with many times." We took his advice and saved ourselves a lot of trouble. In the East we paid $1.50 for a night's storage in a garage. Through the West we have paid as low as fifty cents. Our total mileage, the amount of gas and oil used, and the cost of each, with the garage expenses, I will give later.

I must add that, except for cleaning the spark-plugs, we had no engine trouble, and the car arrived in perfectly good shape in California.

VII

THE TWIN CITIES AND TEN THOUSAND LAKES

August 6th and 7th we spent in St. Paul, at the first-class St. Paul Hotel—a perfect joy! Our stay here was filled with interest. The capitol building is a noble pile. Summit Avenue boasts of many beautiful homes, but the business life is fast overtaking it. Minneapolis is such a close neighbor that we could not tell where one city began and the other left off. Here cousins took us to the Athletic Club for lunch, in as beautiful a café as we have seen. A bounteous luncheon was served for sixty cents that we would have paid at least two dollars for in New York. This was our last feast on broiled whitefish. As we were all chatting over our trip, a crash as of broken china brought us to a pause. "What in Heaven's name is that?" we exclaimed. "Oh, just the boys in the 'training' café, having a hurry-up lunch," laughed our host. On the many floors men were spending their noon-hour exercising and keeping themselves fit.

We drove out to the famous summer re-

sort, Lake Minnetonka, picturesque and edged with lovely summer homes. Near by were the Minnehaha Falls, known to all Longfellow lovers, and the Fort Snelling reservation, where the sturdy pioneers defended their lives in the old round tower and blockhouse. By far the most attractive spot we visited was Christmas Lake, seventeen miles out of town, where the Radisson Inn nestles in the woods, quite hidden from the highway. No private villa could be more lovely. In the large dining-room, which was really a sun-parlor, each table had its own color-scheme, with vines and wild flowers. Plants, ferns, vines, and flowers growing everywhere in the most original baskets and boxes made of twigs, bark, or moss. We all stood exclaiming, like a lot of children, "Isn't it adorable?" —"Oh, my dear, *do* look at this Indian rug!" —"Where did they get this willow furniture?"—"Altman never had such exquisite cretonnes!"—"Let's give up the trip and stop here!"—and so on. We were told that the table was in keeping with the house, and that the place was full all season. This was another high spot on the trip.

Still another pleasure was in store for us—

we were to play golf and dine at the Town and City Club. The club is situated between the two cities, near the banks of the Mississippi River. We drove past before we realized that it was not a private estate. Stopping a young man, we asked where the club was. "Got me stuck, Missis; never heard of it." A small boy of seven came up, and, with a withering glance which took us all in, waved his arm, saying, "Right before your eyes!" We drove through lovely grounds to the clubhouse. Such gorgeous old trees!—hedges that made you think of Devonshire, lawns like velvet, and a riot of color in the beds and borders—every flowering shrub and plant you could dream of. Of course, the links were fine, and the twilight lasted until nearly nine o'clock. We had ordered dinner in advance; so by a quarter to nine we were seated at our table, with faultless appointments, enjoying such a good dinner, and watching the skyline of Minneapolis, with its church spires and towering buildings, fade in the afterglow of the sunset. Not one of us spoke as the twilight deepened and the stars came out; we went out on the lawn and saw the new harvest moon through the trees—a bit of Na-

ture's fairyland, the memory of which will always stay with us.

Here we left the Yellowstone Trail and followed the National Parks Highway north to Fargo, North Dakota, 265 miles; winding in and out over good roads through a myriad of lakes—ten thousand, we were told—in Minnesota. Every mile of the way, as far as the eye could see, were acres of potatoes, corn, and wheat, fertile and green. If you want to visualize Frank Norris's books and understand how we can feed starving Europe, motor through this state. It was harvest-time. Great tractors were snorting like live creatures, hundreds of men on the big ranches were "bringing in the sheaves," the country was alive with action, and the world was to reap the benefit of the toil and endless energy of these sturdy men. You have never *seen* our country until you have traveled through this great grain-belt. Every small town had two or three grain elevators. There were beautiful fields of alfalfa, a mass of bloom with its bluish purple flower as sweet as honey. As we came near these fields, the air was always cool. We couldn't account for it; but it is a strange fact that the air is con-

siderably cooler when you near an alfalfa field. Can you see the picture? Lakes on every side, as blue as great sapphires, sparkling in the sun, the road lined with the wild sunflowers, often forming a golden hedge on either side for miles, the blue mass of color of the alfalfa fields, and above it the green corn and golden wheat. The magpies were in flocks, and the seagulls were skimming over the inland lakes, hundreds of miles from any large body of water, and hundreds more of them were resting on the shores. Strange, was it not? Through the West we have noted the absence of many birds, especially in Montana, Idaho, Utah, and Nevada. But here the crops were so abundant that the little songsters "had first whack at the grain," as my husband remarked. He was the bird-man of the party, and when he was driving at a top-notch speed or turning a hairpin curve he would calmly ask, "Did you girls see that blue heron?"

Alexandria, and the hotel of the same name, were comfortable beyond our hopes. The next day we passed through Fergus Falls, where the cyclone of June 22d had demolished the better part of the town. It

had been a thriving, attractive place in the heart of the grain-belt, with fine buildings and pretty homes. Now, less than two months later, the wreck and débris were appalling. The wind had wrought strange sights. We saw a sewing-machine in the top of a neighbor's tree, festooned with bedding, petticoats, and a bird-cage. Houses were turned over as if they had been toys; others were crushed to kindling. Here a small tree or a chicken-coop would be intact, and a building five feet away would be demolished. We stopped off for lunch in a small café in the part of the town that had escaped the gale. The people were talking of nothing else. The whole countryside had driven in to see it, to take the sufferers home, or to render assistance. The waitress paid no attention to our order — just talked. "Why, lady, it was the awfullest thing you ever heard tell on! One moment we were all sitting at our work, and then we heard a roar like a mad bull, or thunder, and the sky got so black that you couldn't see across that counter. Windows smashed in, and this house shook like jelly. Folks were blown down that street like old newspapers. Scared? My Gawd! we just crawled under the coun-

ter and prayed! The door was blown in and the front window smashed. A little kid was blown across that street and straight through that broken glass. My maw's house was shook to pieces. Maw was cookin', and she and the stove went off together. Paw was feedin' the cattle; when we found him he was lyin' in the next lot with a cow a-lyin' on top of him and a milkpail a-coverin' of his head. Most everyone got cut by the glass or broke an arm or leg, tryin' to hold on to somethin'. The piany in the schoolhouse was took up and planted in a street two blocks away not hurt a bit. It sounds just beautiful now. Some folks I know had their two cats and three dogs killed, and the canary was a-singin' like mad when they found the house in the end of the garden. The wire fences were the worst; they just wound themselves up like yarn." Many others told us similar weird tales. We left that town, already being rebuilt, a sober party.

"I wonder what would happen to us if we should meet such a cyclone," said Toodles.

"I think we would 'blow in' to lunch with our friends in Boston," mused the bird-man.

He has given me this list of birds that we

saw through the West: Mudhens, bluebirds, bluejays, robins, ospreys, cranes, loons, terns, the Canada goose, song-sparrows, meadow-larks, hawks, wild swans, woodpeckers, orioles, wild doves, and others. Later we saw sagehens and eagles.

VIII

MILLIONS OF GRASSHOPPERS

We had wired to our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H., of Fargo, to make a reservation for our party, which they did at the Gardner Hotel. We found a big comfortable hotel, with large rooms, good table, and excellent service. We enjoyed our "stop off" of two days here more than in any other city on our trip. Fargo spells hospitality and "pep." Our greeting was, "What can we do for you?"

"Find the Packard service station, give us some home-cooking, and let us play golf and tennis."

"There are only two Packard cars in town, but the manager of the garage owns one and can help you out."

He did—kind, obliging person! Our second request was granted to the full. Never did fried chicken and creamed potatoes covered with gravy taste so good. We went back the next day and finished up the rest of the chicken. After driving about this charming "up-to-tomorrow" Western city, we went out

to the Country Club and the links, and met many truly delightful people.

Western people in the same walk of life as your friends at home are traveled, cultured, broad-minded, most interesting people. I was especially impressed by the women. They think for themselves on the public questions of the hour, and voice their opinions in no uncertain terms. As Philip Gibbs said in his article in *Harper's* ("Some People I met in America"), "Desperately earnest about the problems of Peace, intrigued to the point of passion about the policy of President Wilson, divided hopelessly in ideals and convictions, so that husbands and wives had to declare a No Man's Land between their conflicting views." It is so in our family. My brother has expressed it aptly: "President Wilson is a state of mind. You are all for him, or not at all." But Heaven help me to keep politics out of this peaceful narrative!

We found many golfers ahead of us. Mrs. W., the chairman of the house committee, and especial hostess of the day, played with us. She played, as all Western women enter into everything, with enthusiasm. The course was flat, easy, and of nine holes.

But the grasshoppers! I had seen plenty of them on the trip while going through the farming country. They would jump into the car, take a ride on the hood or windshield, get on your veil or down your neck, or collect in family parties on the luggage or in your lap; but that was utter isolation compared to the crop on those links. The seventeen-year locust had *nothing* on these grasshoppers! On the fairway, when you hit your ball, hundreds would fly up in a cloud and your ball was lost to sight. You walked on a carpet of them. It reminded you of "the slaughter of the innocents." Your clothes were covered with them. When I sat down at the third tee, I heard a crunching noise, unlike anything I ever experienced. Mrs. W. called out—alas! too late—"Oh, you mustn't sit down until you shake the grasshoppers out of your skirts. You will ruin your clothes." That white satin skirt has been boiled, parboiled, dry-cleaned, and hung in the sun, but the back looks bilious and pea-green in spots! When I got back to the hotel, I found them inside of my blouse and under-linen, and even in my hair and shoes. It is fortunate that they did not bite, or someone else would be writing this tale.

After real afternoon tea, with toast, hot biscuits, and sandwiches (not our ice-cream cones), we drove back to the city and dined and talked until the lights were put out in the hotel and the elevator man had gone to sleep. We were told of the fine roads through North Dakota, "but not in bad weather; then you will have to reckon with the gumbo." "Gumbo" is described by Webster as "soup, composed of okra, tomatoes, etc." But that learned gentleman never drove after a rainstorm in North Dakota.

The next morning the sky looked threatening, but we started out for Jamestown, one hundred miles away. All went well until noon, when a gentle drizzle set in, and we put up the top, stopped under a big tree, had our lunch, and waited until the supposed shower was over. Farther west it had poured; we noticed that the cars coming in were covered with mud, and concluded that they had come over country roads. Surely not the National Parks Highway! So down went the top, and off we started in a *wet* atmosphere, but not really raining. The chains had not been disturbed since they were comfortably stowed away on leaving New York.

One man advised us to put them on, but with a superior don't-believe-we-will-need-them air we left our tree shelter. He called out after us, "Say, strangers, you don't know what you all are getting into." We didn't, but we jolly soon found out! In ten minutes we had met gumbo, and were sliding, swirling, floundering about in a sea of mud! I will try to describe it. A perfectly solid (apparently) clay road can become as soft as melted butter in an hour. Try to picture a narrow road, with deep ditches, and just one track of ruts, covered with flypaper, vaseline, wet soap, molasses candy (hot and underdone), mire, and any other soft, sticky, slippery, hellish mess that could be mixed—and even that would not be gumbo!

"Thank God for the ruts!" we devoutedly exclaimed. If you once got out of the ruts, your car acted as if it were drunk. It slid, zigzagged, slithered, first headed for one ditch, and then slewed across the road. It acted as if bewitched. We had passed several cars abandoned in the ditch, and those ahead of us, even with chains on, were doing a new version of a fox trot. The road grew worse, the mire deeper. The ruts were now so deep

that we just crawled along, and, to prevent getting stalled, we pulled out of them. In a shorter time than it takes to write it, our left front wheel was down in the ditch and the car lying across the road, and stuck fast. That was all that prevented us from being ditched. There we were, unable to move. We had not tried to walk in gumbo. That was an added experience. All three of us got out to see what *could* be done. It would be impossible to jack the car up there and put on the chains; the jack would have sunk out of sight. And no car could pass us. Your feet stuck in the gumbo so that when you pulled up one foot a mass of mire as large as a market-basket stuck to it, or your shoe came off, and you frantically slid and floundered around until you got it on again. We thought of a dozen clever things to do, *if* we could only have walked. There was a farmhouse half a mile ahead where no doubt we could have hired a team to pull us out. But how could we get there? My sympathies are all with the fly caught on sticky flypaper! In a short time, a Dodge car came up back of us, a man driving it, with his wife, his son, a boy of fifteen, and a small girl. Being a light car

in comparison, and having chains on, they fared better; but they could not pass. They offered to pull us back onto the road. Fortunately we had brought a wire cable with us. This was attached to both cars, and then both tried to back. Did we budge? No such luck! All hands got to work, sliding around like drunken sailors, and filled in back of our wheels with stones, sticks, cornstalks, and dry grass. After being stuck there just one hour, we got back onto the road and into the ruts, and slowly we crawled up to the top of a hill, where some guiding angel had scattered ashes and sand. We got to a dry, grassy spot, where a sadder and wiser driver put on the chains. How did we get there, Toodles and I? Those blessed Dodge people *invited* us to stand on their running-boards while they crawled up the hill. Later we overtook them having tire troubles, and we were glad to be able to return their kindness. The next lovely job was to clean our shoes. Nothing can stick worse than gumbo, and we had been soaked in it. Needless to say that our shoes were ruined, but we were lucky it was not the car.

So, with care, and crawling about five miles an hour, still slipping and sliding like

eels, we covered the forty miles into Jamestown. The hotel dining-room was closed, and we had supper in a Chinese restaurant, then went to have our shoes cleaned in what had been before July 1st a typical Western saloon. It was filled with miners and cowboys playing billiards, and a villainous automatic piano playing rag-time. We sat up in the chairs while a "China-boy" dug at the gumbo, now hard as stone. One Westerner stood there taking us all in, and drawled, "You folks must have struck gumbo." We had; but then again—"It might have been worse."

IX

THE BAD LANDS—"NATURE'S FREAKIEST MOOD"

From now on we experienced the real thrills, the discomforts, and the wonders of our trip. Will the Eastern people (or the rest of our country) ever realize the debt of gratitude that we owe to those early pioneers—the men who blazed the trails across the wilderness, suffering every privation, facing inconceivable dangers, and many dying of cold and starvation? As we studied our map and saw those hundreds of miles ahead of us, through the bad lands, over the dry Montana plains, through the desert, and over the Rocky Mountains, I admit that it seemed like the end of the world, and a million miles from home—almost a foolhardy undertaking! Then we felt ashamed of ourselves. With a good car, and all of us in prime condition, we left old gumbo and fears behind, and made a fresh start. The big towns are one hundred miles apart. Governor H. had told us not to stop in Bismarck, a fine big city, but to go across the Little Missouri River to Mandan,

sixteen miles farther on. Bismarck's fine hotels and cement pavements were a great temptation to stop, but our hopes were more than realized. This river, like all of these Western rivers, once navigable by big boats, was so low that teams were driving across in many places. When we reached the ferry we found a tiny steamer with paddle-wheels at the stern waiting for us. It held two small cars beside ours. On the other side a corduroy road had been built out over what had been the bed of the river at least a quarter of a mile, so that the ferry could land. The rest of the way was through pine woods.

Mandan is a beautiful city, with the new Lewis and Clark Hotel, owned by Governor H. It was crowded, but when we showed the clerk Governor H.'s signature we were given his private suite. Remember that we had been coming over the plains for a hundred miles, and you can share our joy to walk into a Fifth Avenue hotel, with a Ritz-Carlton suite to revel in. This was where extremes met. It was wonderful that it was so beautiful. It was really more wonderful that it was there at all.

The next day we went through another

hundred miles of cattle and grain ranches. We were told that these towns, a hundred miles apart, had been trading-posts and stage-stops in the early days. Dickinson, Glendive, Miles City, and Billings, Montana, are all fine, thriving cities—excellent modern hotels, wide paved streets, fine churches, stores, office buildings, and theaters, not overlooking the movie houses. In passing, I wish to speak of the movies—a national, educational institution, to be reckoned with. If we were not too dead tired after a scrub, change of clothes, and dinner, we went to a movie and saw excellent pictures and the world's doings to date. Usually there were plenty of electric fans, and always one big "paddle" fan *outside* the front entrance. This we found the case with banks, office buildings, and shops. (Solve that if you can!) In many dozens of canaries were singing a jubilee. There was always a large clock in full view of the audience—another sensible idea. These cities were equipped with every modern device and invention. They claimed your admiration and deserved your unstinted praise. It was almost impossible to believe that the next morning, ten minutes after you left the pave-

ments, you would again be out on the prairies, and perhaps meet no one for hours.

At Dickinson, North Dakota, we found the St. Charles Hotel very good. We had been told to have lunch the next day in Medora, at the Rough Riders Hotel, one of the few buildings left of the early cowboy days. The town is nothing—a new school and store and a handful of old buildings. It is quite near the ranch where Colonel Roosevelt lived for two years. They instantly tell you that with real pride, for these people loved the man as they knew him. Like the buffalo, the picturesque cowboy is almost extinct. On the big cattle ranches we saw *near* cowboys—boys in their teens herding the cattle, and some ordinary, dirty-looking men on horses. There were half a dozen men eating noon dinner at the hotel(?), a tumble-down old building about as romantic as any old woodshed. One grizzly old fellow was pointed out as having been a guide for the Colonel. The place was dirty, the food impossible, greasy and cold, and the few bullet-holes in the far-famed bar were not sufficient to make this member of the party rave over the place. It seemed like a travesty, or a ghost of some former exist-

ence. You *may* infer that we did not care for Medora!

For the next hour we climbed steadily up, the roads growing narrow and rocky and full of chuck-holes. Everything that is rough and bad going in the Far West is "chucky," and we were soon to get acquainted with *real* chuck-holes. Presently we came out on a plateau, and before us lay the Bad Lands of North Dakota. You may read of them, see pictures of them, or see them from a train, but you have never really seen their wonder, their grotesquely beautiful grandeur, until you stand in their midst as we did. High cliffs, deep canyons, queer formations of stone and earth that look like great castles or human heads. Again they resemble mushrooms of mammoth size, in all colors—gray, pink, orange, black, greens of a dull hue (not from the verdure, for there is none to speak of), yellows, and even purplish and chalky white. Here again you can see the outline of some giant creature, as if it had been carved in a prehistoric age. We are told that the sea once covered these lands. You can plainly see the ridges, like a rock on the ocean shore where the water has receded. I suppose they

are called the Bad Lands because they are arid and nothing will grow. They are the wonderlands of this country — geological wonders, left from some glacial period before the foot of man trod the earth. No pen can adequately describe that scene; no brush could do justice to its weird beauty. The stillness of death reigned. Not a bird or a living creature did we see. The way winds around these strange cliffs, now up a steep incline, where you look down at the road below, again in the bottom of a ravine or chuckhole, and you wonder how you could drive the car either down or up again.

"Did you ever see anything like this, anywhere?"

"No, but it looks like what I imagine the bottom of hell must look like."

All that day we drove in and out, with an ever-changing panorama of fantastic shapes and colors. We were awed, thrilled to our very marrow, and even now, weeks later, as I write of it, I realize that my hands are cold. Believe me, my friends, this is the acid test of driving. If you qualified, well and good; but if you lost your nerve or your head—a long good-night, and a perfectly good funer-

al! Glendive, Montana, and the comfortable Jordan Annex looked human and mighty good to us that night. We all admitted that we were scared half to death. But, oh, the wonder and majesty of that sight! We blessed our good car, we blessed our Maker, and we slept as if we had been drugged.

X

THE DUST OF MONTANA

Poor Montana! Burned, scorched to ashes from four summers of drought, and no rain in six months! Everywhere the people told us the same story. The rivers and streams were dry as bones. "Don't stop here for water" was a familiar sign. We met hundreds of families driving out, in old "prairie-schooners," with all their household furniture and their cattle. These poor souls had to find water for their cattle and themselves. They had tried to raise crops, and were literally driven out. The children looked pinched and starved. The women and men were the color of leather, tanned by the scorching sun of the plains, the dust, and the dry, hot winds. They had lost everything. Their faces were pathos personified. It wrung your heart to see them. We always slowed down and waved to them, and often stopped and talked. It was rare to get a smile from even the children. When we would give some little kiddie an orange, it was the pathetic mother who tried to smile.

Before we had covered the four hundred miles across the state, our faces were burned, our lips so dry and cracked that they bled, and our eyes nearly burned out of our heads. Yet we had but a few days of it, and they had suffered for four summers! At night we would soak our hands and faces in cold cream, but the next night they were quite as bad. The dust was from six to eight inches deep, and the roads were either through sand or chucky. We know now why Lohr named his song "My Little Gray Home in the West." It could not possibly have been any other color. A dozen times we thought our springs were gone. The road looked like a level stretch of dust; then down you would go to the bottom of a chuck-hole with a thud that made your teeth chatter.

The cattle looked as starved as the people. We came to one valley that had been irrigated, and for a mile or so the crops were green. The ditch was full of water—real *wet* water. Horses and cows, dogs and people were standing in it. We filled our radiator and bottles and laved our hands and faces. Germs or no germs, we drank our fill. In half an hour or less your throat and mouth would

be as dry as ashes, and your thirst was insatiable. We found that fruit, especially oranges and pears, quenched the thirst better than water; so we always kept plenty of fruit in the car. The going was so bad that we did not reach Miles City until late. After leaving Fargo, each morning we had taken the precaution to wire ahead for reservations, always adding "driving," so, if we were belated, the rooms would still be held for us. We had been told that the Olive Hotel at Miles City was the only poor hotel on the route. Everyone had given it a black eye. We had mentioned it to the manager at the Jordan Annex in Glendive. "I think you will find it very comfortable. Our company has taken it over and refurnished it." When we were sending our usual morning wire, he very politely said that it would be *his* pleasure to notify them of our coming.

To digress for a moment—the people of Montana pride themselves on their universal courtesy to strangers. Time and again, we had people say, "You have found our people polite and obliging?"—"Yes; they are kindness itself"—and they were.

When we reached the Olive Hotel we were

agreeably surprised. Everything was clean and comfortable, looking like Paradise after the dust and scorching sun of the plains. We were having our lunches put up by the hotel each morning, as there was absolutely nothing decent en route (shades of Medora!). I asked for the manager, Mr. Murphy.

"We shall be glad to put you up a lunch," he said. "What would you like?"

"Anything but *ham* sandwiches. We have been so fed up on them that we can't look a pig in the face for fear we will see a family resemblance." Then I added, "May the bread be cut thin, and buttered?"

He laughed and assured us that it would be "all right." Right! Ye gods, we had a feast! Oh, how we have blessed dear Mr. Murphy! May his shadow never grow less! As we were starting in the morning the head waitress came out with the lunch neatly done up, saying, "Mr. Murphy has had some extras put in. We like Easterners and try to please tourists." We paid the modest price of $2.50 (for three people) and decided to curb our curiosity until noon. This was a *real* occasion, and just the proper spot must be found for our party. Some days we had driv-

en many miles to find a clump of trees to lunch under. Today we went ten miles and never even saw a tree—the deadly monotony of the endless plains—heat, dust, sand, sage-brush the color of ashes, and only a jolly little prairie-dog scurrying to his hole or a hawk flying overhead. Not a tree—not even a big bush to give shade! We asked some ranchers where they got wood for fuel. "There ain't no wood. Every fellow digs his coal in his own backyard." It sounded simple, and I was glad to hear that nature had provided some compensations for the farmer, whose life at the best is not all "beer and skittles."

On we drove until one o'clock—and still no trees! A wail from Toodles: "What about having lunch in the car?" There was a bend in the road over the top of a hill. "I have a hunch that there will be a tree around the bend," ventured the bird-man. There was!—just one big, glorious cottonwood tree that would shelter a drove of cattle, and the only tree in sight on those plains as far as the eye could see. Out came the faithful old rug and the hamper—and then we unpacked the lunch! Three juicy melons, a whole broiled chicken for each one, thin bread and butter,

a jar of potato salad, fresh tomatoes, three jars of marmalade, eggs, crisp lettuce, pickles, and the best chocolate-cake I ever tasted, besides peaches, pears, and hot coffee. You may think we were a lot of greedy pigs, but that was the banner lunch of the trip. May Mr. Murphy never go hungry! He has made three friends for life.

Miles City is the last and best of the representative "cow-towns" of early days. The annual "round-up," a celebration of frontier days, is usually held on the 4th of July. Here our watches went back an hour. We were now in the land of silver dollars. It had been some years since we had seen them in New York. Out here, when you had a bill changed, you received nothing but silver dollars. A bit heavy, but all right, if you had enough of them.

That night we reached Billings. We had gone through some fertile ranches where the irrigation system had turned an arid waste of sand into fields of green crops. The country improved, as we neared this "Metropolis of Midland Empire," as they term it, the center of the sugar-beet industry. Wherever we saw crops, there the sugar-beet flourished.

They must raise many thousands of tons of them. The fair grounds and elaborate buildings are of interest. It is a real city rising out of the plains, like a living monument to the pioneers, men and women. The Northern Hotel was the finest we had seen since leaving the Twin Cities. We rested up for a day, had the car cleaned and oiled, and had ourselves laundered, shampooed, and manicured, starting refreshed and full of expectations on our last lap to the Yellowstone. In contrast to the Olive Hotel, our lunch here was the one real "hold-up" in any hotel. Six eggs, six tongue sandwiches, and four cups of coffee were $3.75. We protested, and they deducted seventy-five cents.

We had heard pleasing reports of Hunter's Hot Springs being the French Lick of the West; anything that spelled *water* sounded good to us, although we had crossed the upper Yellowstone River only to see a little stream so low that the cattle were standing in the middle. There is nothing but the hotel —not even a garage. All the cars were parked in front and stood there all night. The place was crowded with tourists from all over the country. "Hello there!" greeted us, and to

our surprise and great pleasure we found our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H., of Fargo, with the glad tidings that she would go through the park with us. This place is unique—a low, rambling building, with a quarter of a mile of porches, a very large swimming pool of mineral water, hot from the springs, and private baths of all descriptions. The big plunge had been emptied and scrubbed, and the hot water was pouring in, but would not be sufficiently cool to swim in for another day.

Many charming people were here, taking the course of baths, resting, or just stopping en route, as we were. One celebrity was presented to us, the youthful editor of "Jim Jam Jems," Mr. Sam H. Clark, of Bismarck, North Dakota, and his attractive wife. There were other ladies in his party, all going to the park. They were attired in the costume of khaki breeches, puttees, and coats, looking very Western and comfortable.

We remarked that we were unfortunate, in never having seen a copy of "Jim Jam Jems." "You surprise me; it is on sale at six hundred news-stands in New York City." Feeling like mere worms, we expressed the hope of seeing it in San Francisco. On our arrival, we asked

for it at the news-stand in one of the largest hotels. "We get it only about once in two months," we were told. Later we found the September issue, which we read with interest. In the "Monthly Preamble" he says, "Fact is, this good old U. S. A. seems to have slipped its trolley, politically, industrially, and socially, and generally things be out of joint." That seemed to be the tone of the whole publication. I do not know the particular significance of the name of his magazine; but if he ever decided to make a change I wonder if he would consider "The Knocker Club in Session." Mr. Clark is a reformer in embryo, and his talents are unquestioned. Perhaps, in the broad-minded, open West, he will in time find something *con*structive to write about. Let us watch and see.

After a very jolly visit, all too short, we started for Livingston and Gardiner, the northern entrance to the park. The sky was dense with smoke, due to the forest fires in the north. In Oregon a town had been wiped out the day before. Our eyes smarted from the smoke; the mountains, now the foothills of the Rockies, were entirely obliterated, and, if this kept up, we could see nothing in the

park. Cars were turning back, and the prospect was not encouraging. The road grew more steep and narrow, and we could hardly see a quarter of a mile ahead of us. It was like a real London fog—pea soup. The altitude was very high, and we began to feel dizzy. We were on roads that were just shelves cut in the sides of the mountains, with hardly room for two cars to pass and a good long tumble on the lower side. It was not pleasant! On a clear day perhaps, but not in a dense fog.

Passing through Livingston, you turn due south for fifty-five miles. At four o'clock we arrived at Gardiner, where we had a belated lunch at a restaurant, and found a collection of five weeks' mail at the post-office. Joy!—and then more joy! We all wired home to anxious relatives of our arrival. The huge stone arch forms the gateway to the park. The officials, old army veterans, in uniform, stopped us and we paid $7.50 entrance fee for the car. There is no tax for people. We were questioned about firearms. None are allowed, and we had none.

XI

A WONDERLAND

As Joaquin Miller said of the Grand Canyon in Arizona, "Is any fifty miles of Mother Earth as fearful, or any part as fearful, as full of glory, as full of God?" That is the Yellowstone National Park!

So much has been written of its wonder and beauty that it is "carrying coals to Newcastle" for me to add any description. It beggars description! None of us had visited it before; so the experiences were doubly interesting, and these facts we had forgotten, if we had ever known them: In 1872, Congress made this a national park. It is sixty-two miles long and fifty-four miles wide, giving an area of 3348 square miles in Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, and is under the supervision of the National Park Service of the Interior Department. The entire region is volcanic; you are impressed by a sense of nearness to Nature's secret laboratories.

The park is open from June 20th to September 15th. It is estimated that sixty thou-

sand visitors have enjoyed the splendors of the park this year (1919). We reached there August 20th, at the height of the tourist season. On entering, we drove five miles in a dense smoke along the Gardiner River to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. There we spent our first night and held a "council of war." If the smoke did not lift, we could see nothing and would have to wait. Of course, we intended to drive our car through the park! After looking the situation over and talking with other tourists, we decided to go in the Government cars, for three reasons: First, whoever drove could see nothing of the scenery—you had to keep your eye on the road every moment, as the ways were so steep, with hundreds of sharp curves; second, we were unaccustomed to the very high altitude, an average of eight thousand feet, all were feeling dizzy (one of the ladies had a severe nosebleed), and no "light-headed" driver was safe in handling a car on those roads; third, if you are familiar with the routes, or follow the Government cars and get their dust, all right; if not, you will get off the main roads in no time. The Government has very comfortable White cars, hold-

ing eleven and the driver. All the roads are officially inspected daily, and the drivers are expert. You buy a motor ticket for twenty-five dollars, and that ends your responsibility. You have unlimited time at the hotels, if you so desire; otherwise, the trip is made in three days, with ample time to see everything, and even to take side trips.

There were three hotels open this season —the Mammoth Hot Springs, Old Faithful, and the Grand Canyon. They are run exclusively on the American plan, at six dollars a day, with good food and every comfort. A private bath is two dollars extra; with two in a room, four dollars, or, if the bath adjoins two rooms, with two in each room, it is two dollars each, or the modest sum of eight dollars. We found that the tourists in the Government cars were cared for first in the dining-room and always had good rooms reserved for them. This is quite a consideration in the rush season. Thus with your motor ticket of twenty-five dollars, your full three days' hotel bill at six dollars a day, including side trips, tips, etc., the park can be seen in absolute comfort for fifty dollars, with nothing to worry about. As we had been driving

the car so steadily for six weeks, the relaxation was very acceptable. The three hotels are quite different. The Mammoth Hot Springs is a big barn of a place in appearance, lacking home atmosphere, but warms up a bit in the evening when dancing begins.

The next morning, to our joy, the wind had shifted and the smoke lifted, so we were safe in starting. The cars leave at nine and reach Old Faithful Inn by noon. Here you stay until the next noon. On this first lap of the tour you pass the wonderful Terraces, filled with boiling springs, which look like cascades of jewels in the sunlight. Passing the Devil's Kitchen, Lookout Point, and the Hoodoos, massive blocks of travertine, piled up in every conceivable shape, at an altitude of seven thousand feet, and Golden Gate Canyon, you emerge into an open, smiling mountain valley with high ranges on every side, through which runs the Gardiner River. The Frying Pan is a sizzling, boiling pool that comes from the bowels of the earth. The Norris Geyser Basin is filled with small geysers, spouting at intervals, and looking like bursts of steam. Emerald Pool is typical of the name. As you look down into it, the gorgeous color deepens like

a real gem. The most beautiful example of these pools is the Mammoth Paint Pot, with myriads of scintillating colors.

We could hardly wait to finish lunch, we were so anxious to see the famous Old Faithful spout, or "play," more properly speaking. At regular intervals of about seventy minutes, the mass of water is thrown 150 feet into the air with a roar of escaping steam that sounds like the exhaust of an ocean liner. At night an immense searchlight on the roof of the hotel plays upon it, and everyone goes to the farther side to view the water with the light showing through—a glorious sight! I can think of nothing but thousands of gems being tossed up by a waterspout at sea. The rainbow colors dance and radiate, making a fairyland scene. The chorus of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" resembles a crowd viewing a pyrotechnic display on the 4th of July. We were fortunate in seeing both the Giant and Castle geysers play.

The Old Faithful Inn is unique, it being built entirely of the park timber in the rough, hewed from the twisted trees of the forests. The fossil forests are one of the marvels of the park, not all at a particular level, but oc-

curring at irregular heights; in fact, a section cut down through these two thousand feet of beds, would disclose a succession of fossil forests, covered by volcanic material through the ages.

The great open fireplaces of boulders in the hotel always gave a cheery appearance, and in the evenings the attendants pop corn for the guests. A very good orchestra played until midnight and hundreds of people danced on the polished floors. The table is excellent in all the hotels. Our only criticism was that the guests were kept waiting outside of the dining-room until all tables were cleared and reset, when we could have just as well been sitting comfortably inside. In front of the hotel are the bath-houses, with many small pools and one large one. The prices are moderate. All rates, even for post-cards, are regulated by the Government officials in the park.

Toodles had informed us early in our trip that she would not be happy unless she met "a real cowboy, of the William S. Hart type, and a real Indian." Up to now she had been disappointed. We were sitting out under the trees by the hotel, waiting for Old Faithful

to "shoot," when the real article came by on horseback, leading two saddled horses. He was a tall, fine-looking chap, with all the proverbial trappings of an old-time cowboy, riding as if he were a part of his horse. As he was close to us, Toodles called out, "Were you looking for me?" He took no notice, and she repeated it. He rode on, never even turning his head. "The brute must be deaf," a rather piqued voice informed us. We had been accustomed to such unusual courtesy from Westerners that this surprised us. In a few moments he returned, rode up in front of us, and, with a merry twinkle in his eyes and looking straight at Toodles, said:

"I heard you the first time. Now come and ride with me."

We all laughed but Toodles. She lost her tone of bravado, and exclaimed, "If you heard, why didn't you answer me?"

"Oh, just busy. Had to deliver my horses." His manner was jolly, and it looked like a little adventure.

She wanted to go, but she had recourse to the time-honored "I have nothing to wear."

"That doesn't matter; I will fit you out. Ever ride astride?"

"No."

"Ever ride at all?"

"Of course, all my life!" (indignantly).

"Then come along. I will give you the finest horse in the park to ride, and show you views that the tourists never see."

We all urged her to go, one lending a hat, another a coat, until at last she appeared with a khaki divided skirt, white blouse, blue coat, and sailor hat, looking very presentable, very pretty, and rather ill at ease. While Toodles was dressing he told us that he had been in the park for years and had charge of the saddle-horses and riding parties. As it was all a lark, and we thought she might not want her name known to him, we told him that her name was "Toodles." "All right," with a grin; "I'm on." When starting he whistled to his dog and called, "Come on, Toodles," and she nearly fell off her horse (he made her ride astride).

"What's the matter? I am just calling my dog."

"Oh, is *that* your dog's name?" Toodles replied faintly. "How funny!"

Off they rode up the mountains, and did not return until six o'clock. That evening

"Charlie" appeared at the dance in ordinary citizen's clothes, but the picturesque cowboy was gone. He had written a book of "all the fool questions people have asked me in twenty years." He kept us gasping at the tales of Western adventure until nearly midnight. In the morning he was on hand to see us off.

The next day was clear and beautiful. Our road took us east over the Continental Divide and along the shores of Yellowstone Lake, past the mud geysers, to the Grand Canyon Hotel. On the divide is lily-covered Isa Lake, whose waters in springtime hesitate whether to flow out one end, into the Pacific, or out the other, into Atlantic waters, and usually compromise by going in both directions. We passed over very steep grades commanding a superb view of Mt. Washburne (ten thousand feet high) through the knotted woods and dense pine forests, past the upper and lower falls, stopping at Artist's Point to get our first view of the Grand Canyon. It is twenty miles long—the most glorious kaleidoscope of color you will ever see in nature! You look down a thousand feet or more at the foaming Yellowstone River. A little south of this point a wa-

terfall twice as high as Niagara, seemingly out of the dense pine heights above, roars and tumbles into the depths below. "Rocky needles rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, like groups of Gothic spires." Again, "the rocks, carved and fretted by the frost and the erosion of the ages." And the coloring—this is almost impossible to describe. From the deepest orange to pale yellow, from Indian red to exquisite shell-pink, in all shades of soft green touched by Autumn's hand. With the greenish cascade of water foaming beneath us and the blue dome of the heavens above, we stood there awed by its fearful majesty and unequaled beauty. As if to make the picture more perfect, an eagle soared through the canyon, lighting on a pinnacle of jagged rocks, where his nest clung as if by magic. As we watched him in silence, the words of Tennyson, to which McDowell has written his exquisite composition, "The Eagle," came to us:

> "He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
> Close to the sun in lonely lands,
> Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
> The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
> He watches from his mountain walls,
> And like a thunder-bolt he falls."

Another wonderful, and, if it were possible, a more beautiful view, is from Inspiration Point, on the other side of the canyon. It is like the most exquisite cameo. Before you a gigantic mass of rocks, with turrets and towers, known as "Castle Ruins," seems to fill the vista. But, as I said before, it simply beggars description. You stand there in the presence of the marvelous works of God, the evidences of great convulsions of nature through the ages. You feel such an atom in the vastness, the unending space of the Infinite, and you recall the words of Victor Hugo in his "Intellectual Autobiography":

"Beyond the visible, the invisible; beyond the invisible, the Unknown. Everywhere, everywhere, in the zenith, at the nadir, in front, behind, above, below, in the heights, in the depths, looms the formidable darkness of the Infinite."

The Grand Canyon Hotel is in every respect a modern, beautifully furnished, palatial establishment, worthy of any city. This is the most popular hotel, and is always crowded. The governors of twenty-one states and their parties were touring the park. They expressed their appreciation of the Government's activities in behalf of the comforts

and conveniences for the people—also, of its shortcomings, in the failure to provide the necessary funds for further improvements.

We found the roads in most places worthy of the name "highways"; but on the steepest grades, where the outside of the road shelves off into space, with a drop of hundreds of feet, there are no walls or fences, not even railings, to prevent accidents. In the main, the roads are sufficiently wide to allow two cars to pass; in some places, however, the smaller car must back down to a siding to allow the Government cars, which have the right of way on the *inside* of the road, to pass. Many times we hung on by our eyebrows, apparently, and felt as if our "tummies" had sunk into our boots. We found it more comfortable to look up than down into the depths.

Today we met our small boys again. I had forgotten them. After leaving Minneapolis, many times we had overtaken two boys, who were making a hike to the park, a distance of over nine hundred miles. They were about sixteen years of age, as sturdy, polite little chaps as you could meet. Many times we had given them a lift of fifty miles or more into the next town. They told us that they had

earned the money for the trip and carried their camping outfits on their backs. They camped near a haystack at night, bought food (or had it given to them) on the road, and were having the time of their lives. When I thought of the Dakota prairies and Bad Lands, and of the hot, dusty Montana plains, I realized more than ever the sturdy stuff that Westerners are made of. I would like to know what the future holds for those two lads.

The last day of our trip was back to the starting-point, Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. That morning Toodles left us, taking the trip out to the eastern entrance at Cody. This charming little lady had been with us six weeks, and we were sorry to see her go.

We were told that the scenery was even finer on the Cody road, but we could not conceive of it.

After going a few miles from the hotel, through a bit of woods, our driver jammed on his brakes, with the news, "Here are the bears!"—two good-sized cubs and the mother bear holding us up! They were in the middle of the road; so we had to stop. Everyone wants to see the bears in the park. Well, *we*

did! The old one, a big cinnamon bear, walked around to the side of the car, stood on her hind legs, with her front paws on the door of the car and her muzzle in my lap! I never was so scared in my life! "She wants the candy," the others exclaimed. I had a box of chocolates in my lap, and, with my hands shaking like aspens, I began to peel off the silver foil from one piece. "Don't stop for that; give her the candy, or she will be in the car!" yelled the driver. And you better believe I did, in short order! Handing her the box, she gobbled every piece, foil and all. Everyone was standing on the seats with a camera trying to snap the picture. After she sniffed about to see if I had any more, she went to all the cars lined up back of us, where they fed her and the cubs everything they carried. They had to, for she foraged for herself. I assure you that the sensation of having a huge bear eat out of your hand is a thriller! There are black and grizzly (or silver-tip) bears in the park. A few venture out of the woods to the camps and garbage-dumps near the hotels. Of course, the forests are full of large and small game. There are two buffalo herds. The tame herd has in-

creased from twenty animals, in 1902, to 385, in October, 1918. We saw mountain-sheep and many deer.

We went over the Dunraven Pass, one of the most daring drives, getting a fine view of Tower Falls, 132 feet high. In fact, that last day was one long thrill. We reached the hotel for dinner feeling a bit limp and exhausted, we had been at such high tension for three days. We sat by the roaring log fire that evening, living it all over again. "Will you ever forget that view of the canyon?"—"How truly wonderful the trip has been!" It was truly wonderful! I have not given you even an approximate idea of the scenery or the wonders. I can only say, "Go and see it for yourself." For those who enjoy camping, every comfort and facility are provided. If you wish to camp *de luxe,* the Yellowstone Park Camping Company maintains five permanent camps or "tent cities" in the park. All tents have floors, electric lights, and are heated by wood-burning stoves. The beds are full-sized and comfortable. There are large dining-halls, recreation pavilions, and "campfires." The campers in the park were legion this season.

The next morning we bade good-by to Mrs. H., who left us for Gardiner, and the "bird-man" and his lady chauffeur proceeded together.

XII

WESTWARD HO!

EVERYONE had the same disconsolate story to tell of the route through Idaho and Nevada to the Coast. (I often have wondered why the expression "The Coast" means but one place, the Pacific Coast. We have a few thousand miles of sea-coast on the Atlantic, but no one ever speaks of going East "to the Coast.") All the motor parties we met that came that way to the park advised us to go north from Gardiner, over the Yellowstone Trail to Spokane and Seattle, and then down the coast to San Francisco. One man said, "I wouldn't take five thousand dollars to go back over those roads!" We had practically decided to go the northern route, but the forest fires were still raging in that section, and many cars were turned back. It was Hobson's choice; we had no alternative.

Our car had been left in the garage at Mammoth. On leaving we found there was no charge for the four days' storage. It seemed like home to be back in our own car

again. We followed the same route that we took to Old Faithful until we reached Gibbon Falls, then turned west along the Madison River to the western gate at Yellowstone, and so out of the park into Idaho.

If there are worse roads anywhere on earth than in Idaho, I hope we may never see them! It had grown hot, and every mile of the way was hotter. Sand, dust, ruts three feet deep, and chuck-holes at every turn! In contrast to the roads in the park, that state is a nightmare! By the time we had reached Ashton (123 miles), we wished we had never seen Idaho. The Kirkbride Hotel was wretched, with only one bathroom for the establishment, no café, and dirty beyond expression. The town has but one street, a typical cowboy town, as primitive as possible. The hotel manager asked if we carried our own bedding! "Do we look as if we did?" No reply. We probably did—and worse. It seems that the camping parties from the park often brought *things* beside bedding with them! At ten that night we found some food, in a wretched Chinese restaurant.

The next day was hot and dusty, and there were more bad roads; but we knew that we

should find a good hotel at Pocatello, with private bath and decent food. We went through Idaho Falls and the Blackfoot Reservation.

An incident occurred here that would have made Toodles green with envy. We were taking advantage of our first stretch of good road in two days, and going at a lively speed. Away ahead, in the middle of the road, stood a solitary figure. We sounded our horn. The figure did not budge. Then we blew a blast that would have raised Rameses II and came to a stop a few feet from a man. He proved to be a "real honest-to-gosh," as they say out here, Indian chief. His frame was massive and his face square-jawed, of a copper-bronze hue. A crimson kerchief, earrings, and beads, with ordinary trousers and shirt, completed his costume. He stood there like a dethroned emperor. With a dignified majesty, he waved his arm and said, "Take me home." I turned to look at him as he sat, with folded arms, alone in the tonneau, with an air that plainly said, "I owned all this once; it is all *mine*." He told us that he was chief of the Shoshone tribe, and owned 250 acres; that he rented two of his ranches and lived on the one

"where the trees were, a mile up the road." The land was under high cultivation, with fine buildings. When we let him out he just waved us on, saying, "Me good American." I wondered if at heart he really were, or if he knew that he *had* to be. We often saw Indian women on the roadside selling garden truck —always with a stolid expression, and seldom a smile. If you spoke to them, their invariable rejoinder was "You bet" (pronounced "U-bit"). This seems to be the prevailing expression in the West.

The Yellowstone Hotel in Pocatello is very good, and crowded, like all of the Western hotels.

The heat was intense, even at nine in the morning, and Ogden, Utah, 165 miles south. "Are the roads good?" we asked the clerk. Smiling, he replied, "I am from New York." At Dayton, we crossed the border into Utah. Before us lay a cement road as white as snow. We could hardly believe our eyes. "Woman, bow down and worship!" the bird-man exclaimed. Regardless of speed laws, we flew over that road for miles, through beautiful towns and avenues of Lombardy poplars. We remarked that every little bungalow was sur-

rounded by these tall trees. "The Mormons must have planted one for each wife and child." The farms were fertile and well cultivated, and for miles the peach orchards lined the sides of the road, the trees laden with fruit. At each station wagons were unloading hundreds of crates ready for shipment. Tomatoes and melons, also, are raised in abundance. Brigham is a clean, attractive city, with peach-trees growing in every garden and on the roadside. They celebrate an annual "Peach day" in September. "Every visitor will receive a peach," the posters read. I bought a basket, of a dozen or more, for ten cents. Here we became acquainted with the red grasshopper. We thought we had left all of these little pests in Fargo; but here they were as lively as ever and as red as strawberries. And that reminds me—we have had delicious strawberries for weeks (in August).

The roads were so wonderful that we forgot our aching backbones and enjoyed every mile of the way into Ogden, to the Reed Hotel. We spent two days here, as there was much of interest to see and do. The hotel is old, but well kept up. We had a room large enough to hold a convention in, with a small-

er bedroom and bath adjoining, and eight large windows altogether. Again the hotel was crowded. The railroad strike was on in California, and people were marooned in every city; only local trains were running.

The next day we drove to Salt Lake City, a distance of about thirty-five miles. Of all the Western cities, we were most anxious to see the capital of Utah. And now a joke at my expense! I asked the clerk in the hotel where we could get the steamer for Salt Lake City.

"What steamer?" he asked in surprise.

"Can't you go there by boat?"

"Say, lady, I guess you come from the East."

I admitted the truth of that.

"Ever been West before?"

This time a negative.

"Don't you know that the boat has never been built that will float on Salt Lake?"

I thought of "Cowboy Charlie" and his book of "fool questions."

Salt Lake is a wonderful city. Whatever you may think of the Mormons, you have to admit that they are a far-sighted, industrious, and executive people. Your chief interest

centers about the Temple Block, a ten-acre square surrounded by a stone and adobe wall twelve feet high. The grounds are a beautiful park. The Bureau of Information is a fine large building, where literature is distributed to three hundred thousand visitors yearly. As many as thirty-nine states and seven foreign countries had been represented on the registry in one day. "No fees charged, and no donations received," was the watchword on these grounds. We wondered how the place was supported, and were told that there were no pew-rentals in any of their churches, and no collections made, nor were there any contribution-boxes found there.

"The Mormons observe the ancient law of tithing, as it was given to the Children of Israel, by which a member pays one-tenth of his income, as a free-will offering, for the support of the Church."

In the Temple Block is the Assembly Hall, a semi-Gothic structure of gray granite, with a seating capacity of two thousand, often used for public lectures and concerts by any denomination. The Tabernacle is a world-famed auditorium, seating eight thousand people, noted for its remarkable construction

and acoustic properties. The wooden roof, self-supporting, rests upon buttresses of red sandstone, twelve feet apart, the whole circumference of the building. These pillars support wooden arches ten feet in thickness and spanning 150 feet. The arches, of a lattice-truss construction, are put together with wooden pins, there being no nails or iron of any kind used in the framework. The building was erected between 1863 and 1870, and was nearly completed before the railroads reached Utah. All the imported material had to be hauled with ox-teams from the Missouri River. The original cost was three hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of the cost of the organ. Our guide, a lady, told us that their pioneer leader, Brigham Young, had planned and supervised the erection of the building. "He was a glazier and cabinet-maker by trade, but had been schooled chiefly by hardship and experience. He not only designed this and the Temple, but he built an equally wonderful commonwealth; one which is unique among the Middle and Western states for law and order, religious devotion and loyalty." She told us that their church had established headquarters successively in New

York, Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, and, after the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, in 1846, it was obliged to seek refuge in the Rocky Mountains. They have no professional or paid preachers; any member of the congregation may be called upon to address them. We were interested to hear of their women. "They are the freest, most intensely individualistic women on earth, having three organizations of their own. The Relief Society has thirty thousand members, publishes a monthly periodical, has up-to-date offices, owns many ward-houses, and spends thousands of dollars yearly for charity and education. The Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association was organized in 1869 by Brigham Young, chiefly among his own daughters." (*Some* family party!) This association now numbers over thirty thousand girls. It also edits and controls a magazine. Besides these activities, there is the Primary Association, with many thousands of children marshaled under its banner. We remembered that the women have full suffrage in Utah, and were not surprised to hear of their ward conferences and public speakers. This did not sound much like the "down-trodden

slaves" that many consider the Mormon women to be.

Most prominent among the structures in the "Block" is the Temple, began less than six years after the pioneers found here a desolate sagebrush wilderness. Before railroads were built to the granite quarries, twenty miles southeast of the city, the huge blocks of stone were hauled by ox-teams, requiring at times four yoke of oxen four days to transport a single stone! Forty years were required in its completion, and the structure stands as a monument to the untiring energy of these people. Its cost, in all, was four million dollars. Visitors have never been admitted to the Temple since its dedication in 1893. "It was not designed as a place of public assembly," our guide informed us; "it is to us a holy place devoted to sacred ordinances, and open only to our own church members in good standing." I wish that space permitted me to quote all that we heard of their marriages, and even divorces, and of their many quaint customs.

The figure surmounting the Temple is twelve feet in height, of hammered copper covered with gold leaf, and represents the

angel Moroni, the son of Mormon, the writer of the Book of Mormon, which "is an inspired historical record of the ancient inhabitants of the American continent, corresponding to the Old Testament." Mormon, who lived about 400 A. D., was one of the last of their prophets, and into the Book of Mormon compiled the traditions which had come to him through generations. This is not the Mormon Bible, for they use the King James translation that our Christian churches use.

The Sea-Gull Monument is also in the "Block." It commemorates a historic incident of pioneer days, and was designed by Mahonri M. Young, a grandson of Brigham. A granite base of twenty tons, resting on a concrete foundation, supports a granite column fifteen feet high, surmounted by a granite globe. Two bronze sea-gulls rest upon upon this ball. The birds weigh five hundred pounds, and the stretch of their wings is eight feet. On three sides of the base, in relief sculpture, the sea-gull story is told, which, briefly, is this: In 1848 this was the earliest settlement in the Rocky Mountains, and less than a year old, consisting of a camp, a log and mud fort enclosing huts, tents and wag-

ons, with about eighteen hundred people. Their handful of crops the first year, mainly potatoes, having failed, they were looking for a good harvest the second year, or they would face starvation. In the spring of 1848 five thousand acres of land were under cultivation in the valley, nine hundred with winter wheat. Then came the plague of crickets (our friends the grasshopper family). "They rolled in legions down the mountain sides, attacking the young grain and destroying the crops." Men, women and children fought them with brooms, with fire, and even dug ditches and turned water into the trenches. It looked hopeless; their crops seemed doomed, when great flocks of sea-gulls swept down on the crickets and devoured them. The Mormons compare the incident to the saving of Rome by the cackling geese.

We heard an amusing story of how Brigham Young came by his name. Originally his surname was "Brigham." Once, when his agent returned with some prospective brides, Brigham, looking them over and finding them too old, exclaimed, "Go find others, and bring 'em young."

The Utah Hotel is one of the finest in the

country. It is owned and run by the Mormons, and it does them great credit. We dined in the roof-garden, which compares favorably with that of any hotel in New York. You look off to the Wasatch range of mountains, the beautiful fertile valley, and the great Salt Lake, beyond which lies the desert.

The executive staff of the Mormon Church has one of the finest buildings in the city. The interior is paneled with native marbles and woods and represents a fortune.

Returning to Ogden, we spent the next day visiting Ogden Canyon, a short trip of twenty miles. We drove through groves of walnut trees laden with nuts. Making a sharp turn on a good macadam road, you wind through a deep canyon gorgeous with autumn foliage, a beautiful sight. The river bank is lined with vine-covered bungalows, almost hidden from view. The canyon streams are noted for the brook-trout fishing. A Boston chap told us that he and two other boys caught ninety pounds in three days. We lunched at the Hermitage, the best-known resort near Ogden. It is built of logs, in the wildest part of the canyon. The house was decorated with ferns and mountain wild

flowers, as artistically as a private home. We certainly enjoyed the brook-trout dinner ($1.50) of fish caught that day in front of the hotel. Of course, this cannot be compared to Yellowstone Canyon, but it is very beautiful and well worth the trip from Ogden.

That evening we pored over maps. There was no route across the desert that was good —only some were worse than others. Everyone advised us to take the "Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway," which follows the Southern Pacific Railroad (at intervals), and is considered a "safety-first" way.

I never see that word "highway" that I don't want to laugh! A "cow-path" would more nearly describe any that we traveled in Idaho or Nevada (not to mention a few others).

XIII

NEVADA AND THE DESERT

We did not look forward with an atom of pleasure to this part of the trip. We dreaded it. It simply *had* to be done. The officials told us that nearly all the tourists shipped their cars to Reno. That was valuable information to give us, when not a train was running west. The clerk pointed out a dried-up little woman of seventy, and said, with a withering glance at me: "See that old lady? She has driven her own car across the desert twice this summer!" Well, you know how such remarks make you feel. Not that you care a — bit what that clerk thought of you, but you don't like to realize that you are a molly-coddle or a coward. Besides, my husband had laughed at my apprehensions, and that wouldn't do either. So I thought of our good fortune so far, of our slogan, and of the old party of seventy, and I gave my pride a hitch and said, "Let's start"—and we did.

Our route lay over the same road back through Brigham, a beautiful drive that far,

then it turned northwest, over the northern part of the Great Salt Lake desert, ninety miles to Snowville. The sand was so deep that we crawled most of the way. The sun scorched our skin and eyes until they felt dry as ashes. We had left the railroad and telegraph poles and had but a single-file path through the sand, with chuck-holes every few feet. When the wind blew it felt as if an oven-door had been opened in your face, and the snow-white sand covered everything, including the tracks in the road, which was not pleasant. Nothing was to be seen except the endless sand, dry sagebrush, cactus, and an occasional prairie-dog. We met but two cars that day. I can conceive of nothing more utterly desolate and God-forsaken than the desert. There is a silence of deathlike stillness that gets on the nerves, and the sameness is wearisome.

We were glad to see Snowville, although Snowville was not much to see. It consisted of one street, with possibly twenty houses, a garage, two stores, and a few trees. The people who owned the grocery-store rented rooms. They were kind and hospitable, and made us comfortable as they could. One can-

not pick and choose in the desert. You are glad and thankful to find anything that looks like a bed and water. The woman told us that the two stalwart young men were her sons, just returned from service; one was a major. They were running the garage and helping in the store. The whole family were educated, intelligent people, except the old man, whose vocabulary was limited to "You bet!" and "By heck!" What they could find in life in such surroundings, with nothing, absolutely nothing, to commend the place, was hard to conceive. And yet the mother told me that the women in the village had done more Red Cross work during the war than those of any town of its size in the state, and they had oversubscribed their quota in the Liberty Loans! "The war did not seem very real to us 'way out here," she said. "What we read in the papers seemed like a novel. But when my boys went it brought it nearer home to *me*. We were so far from the busy world our lives were too limited to realize what was going on across the seas." I could understand that, for one day of the desert made me feel an isolation that I never had felt in the middle of the Atlantic.

They had a bathroom; but if the water was being used in the garage or kitchen, it would not run upstairs. Someone had driven miles away to get some meat for supper; so it was quite late before we had anything to eat. Fried meat, fried eggs, fried potatoes—all soaked in grease; no milk or butter, and the coffee and tea we could not drink.

Across the street was a little patch of green corn. I went to the house and asked the woman if she would sell me a few ears. She told me that they were leaving the next morning —moving away—as her husband could not make a living. He was a professor of languages from Massachusetts, a cultivated gentleman! When he rode up on horseback I went out and shook hands with him, and laughingly said:

"I am your long-lost sister from Massachusetts."

He was off his horse and bowing in a Chesterfieldian manner. "You are most welcome, madam; but, alas! we have nothing to offer you."

"Oh, but you have, sir—the pleasure of meeting you both and some of your green corn."

He picked me a half-dozen ears, and when I offered to pay him, he said, "Please, no!"

He asked where we were from. "The East sounds very far away. I wonder if I shall ever see it again."

I gave one of the children a dollar, and returned with my precious corn, which the good-natured Irish cook boiled to a rock for our supper.

There was a small piazza in front of our room, the only place to sit except in the street or in the private parlor of the family. The moon was coming up over the distant mountain, red as blood and big as a cart-wheel. While we were getting cool and enjoying the scene, Mary appeared with the remainder of the raw meat, saying:

"We put it out here to keep cool; there ain't no ice in this hole of a place. I'm going to leave first of September. Gee, but I'll be glad! They couldn't hire me to stay here any longer for fifty dollars a month!" (She evidently felt that it was up to her to entertain us.) "Nothing but work and heat—and not even a movie!"

"How early can we get breakfast?"

"Seven o'clock. I wouldn't get up before

that for President Wilson." (The picture of President and Mrs. Wilson in that place made us smile.)

"Try a little vamping on Mary," I suggested to friend husband. It worked. She called us at five, and by six we were out again on the desert, with the sun rising behind us, and Montello, the next town, 115 miles to the west.

That day stands out as the worst experience of the trip. We went fifty miles without seeing a living creature except jack-rabbits and one coyote. The coyote ran across the trail and stopped fifty feet away, watching us drive by. The sand was deeper and the chuck-holes, even with the most careful driving, seemed to rack the car to pieces. If we had had an accident, the outlook would have been decidedly vague for us. Not a car or a telegraph pole in sight. By ten o'clock that morning the sun scorched our skin through our clothing. But we had one good laugh. Over a deep chuck-hole there had been built a stone bridge. On one end, in large black letters, was "San Francisco" (the first sign we had seen with that welcome name) and on the other end was "New York"! The incon-

gruity struck us as being so absurd that we roared with laughter. Here in this God-forsaken desert, a "thousand miles from anywhere," to see that sign! It took *some* joker to conceive of that.

By noon we were in sight of the railroad, feeling as if we had found a long-lost friend. A freight station, some oil-tanks, a few shanties, and a lodging-house for the men, where we got some food—that was all. We filled up with water, and on we went. A wind had come up and the sand blew in eddies, almost blinding us. The Nevada roads were no improvement on Idaho, and the trail was obliterated many times by the swirling sand, making the going almost impossible. Before reaching Montello, a real desert sandstorm so covered us with sand that the car looked white; our clothes and our eyes and ears were full of it. We thought the top was coming off, or the car would turn over, and it was difficult to see the road, much less to keep in the trail. By crawling, we reached the town and stopped in front of the first building and got out. We were blown off our feet. We staggered and waded through the sand, hardly seeing where we were going, until we reached

a door; then we were blown in! After we recovered our breath and had shaken off a little of the sand, we watched the storm, which by this time was a howling gale and the sand so dense that you could hardly see fifty feet.

"Just suppose this had happened out there?" pointing back of us.

"Don't think of it. Come and get some ice cream."

I had not noticed that we were in a small café, with drinks, ice cream and cakes, etc., for sale. The ice cream washed down the sand and cooled our dry throats. A nice little woman ran the place, and she gave us this information: There was a Southern Pacific railroad hotel in the town, but, owing to hundreds of men being idle on account of the strike, the place was full, and it was the only place to get lodgings. It was a hundred miles and more to Elko, where the next hotel could be reached. We inquired if the way to that town was as bad as the roads we had come over that day. "Worse," was the reply; "you are foolish to attempt it."

As soon as the storm let up we went across to the hotel, only to be told that there was not an empty bed or a cot. We canvassed the

town with the same result. So there we were, worn out, dirty, hungry, and feeling "all in," with the cheerful prospect of sleeping on a pile of sand in the car or trying to drive across more than a hundred miles of desert to find a bed that night. Here is where I "struck."

"I am not going another mile," I declared, with a finality in my voice that spoke volumes.

"What do you wish to do?" asked a weary husband.

"Ship the car to Reno, and take the train."

Our watches said five o'clock, and the Overland Limited was due at 6:15 P. M. Husband hunted up the freight agent. "Oh, yes, you can ship the car; but—" The first "but" was that the car was too large to get through the freight-shed door. We must leave it on the platform or in a garage until an "automobile car" came through Montello, and that might not be for several days. Besides, the agent said he could not give us a bill of lading if the car was not in the shed. It was out of the question to leave it on the platform, and to put it in a strange garage, with no one responsible for it, was taking a long chance

that we might never see it again, or that it would be used or damaged or detained indefinitely. Here friend husband asserted himself.

"I am not going to leave that car here unless it is locked up in the freight-shed and I have the receipt for it. You take the train and I will drive the car to Reno."

"What! let you go on alone, as tired as you are? Nothing doing! Mr. T. G. M., the car is going to be shipped, and we are going on that 6:15 train." I admit that my language was not very elegant; neither was the place nor my feelings.

"If that is the situation, then the car goes into that shed," he said.

"It can't be done," said the agent. "We have tried to get Cadillacs and other large cars in there before. If you get your car in there, I'll eat it!"

"What about time?" we inquired of the agent. He informed us that we must set our watches back an hour at Montello; so we had over an hour, and the train was marked up "late." For the next hour my husband worked over that car, backing a few inches, going forward a bit, turning and twisting on the

narrow platform; but the car was still diagonally across the doorway. Two men pitched in and helped. An inspiration!—he poured black oil on the floor under the rear wheels and then tried to slide the wheels over. That would have worked if the floor had not been so rough. Another inspiration!—he jacked up the wheels and gave the car another shove. Over it went, with both rear wheels inside the door! Then he backed the car into the shed as neat as a whistle. It all sounds like a perfectly simple job. Try it some time in your leisure hours. The freight agent took off his hat in admiration. "Didn't believe it could be done," he said, looking at me with a grin.

It cost $3.85 per hundred pounds and $5.73 war-tax to ship the car to Reno (or to San Francisco—no difference in the rate to either place). It weighed, including four spares and other equipment, 4960 pounds, and the bill was $196.69.

On inquiring about reservations, the agent said: "I doubt if you can get even an upper berth; the Limited is always full. Now that the strike is off, it is sure to be crowded."

Would he wire?

"No use; the train has left Ogden hours ago."

I would have gladly sat up all night in the the train to be out of the desert.

In another hour we were in a drawing-room, scrubbed and brushed, looking less like two tramps and more like respectable people. Unless you have been through a like experience, you cannot share our feelings, as we sat down to a perfectly good, *clean*, wholesome meal in the diner, and slept in clean linen that night. I am glad that we had the experience and can appreciate that phase of Western life. I am equally glad that we shipped the car, which reached us at the California border a week later, in good order and still white with sand.

The road to Reno, after leaving the desert country, follows the oldest transcontinental route to the Coast—the trail of the early pioneers, the gold-seekers of '49. For miles it follows the Humboldt River, through Palisade Canyon, past the thriving town of Elko, Battle Mountain, and Lovelock. Reno, the metropolis of Nevada, is the seat of the state university. There is much of interest to see and many side trips to the mining regions,

all worth while. It is but a few miles from the state line of California, where the motorists' troubles are ended, for from here to San Francisco the roads are smooth as marble, with no dust, and the signs read "Smile at Miles"—"Miles of Smiles"—our welcome to California, the beautiful land of sunshine and flowers, of which so much has been said in song and story and the half can never be told.

"Why do all the people have the tops of their cars up?"

"Why? Because the sun always shines."

And we were soon to enjoy the glad sunshine that makes you feel young and happy, with a joy in living like that experienced in the Riviera.

XIV

THE END OF THE ROAD

Beyond Reno the ascent of the Sierra Nevada begins, and you pass Lake Tahoe, six thousand feet high, the most delightful summer-resort region in America. The Lincoln Highway joins the other routes here, and is really a highway, making a glorious finish in Lincoln Park, San Francisco. One of the finest views is the mighty canyon of the American River, with the timbered gorge and the rushing stream two thousand feet below. You are held spellbound by the scenery, as you descend the western slope to Sacramento, the capital of California, 125 miles from San Francisco.

The city of Sacramento is beautifully situated on the river of the same name, and has the distinction of being the first white settlement in interior California. The old fort built by John A. Sutter for protection against the Indians is kept as a museum of early-day relics. It was an employee of General Sutter who first discovered gold in California, and

the first nugget was tested and its value determined inside this old adobe fort.

The capitol building, a classic structure, is situated in a park of thirty-four acres of wonderful trees and shrubs, brought from every portion of the world. The Crocker Art Gallery boasts of the finest collection of art treasures belonging to any municipality west of New York. The ride to San Francisco, of one night, is a popular trip on the fine large steamers through the Sacramento Valley, noted for its vast wealth of agriculture and fruit.

Stockton, also, is an interesting city, with its eleven public parks. Acacia, orange, umbrella, and palm trees line the streets, making the city a veritable park. West of the city are the largest peatlands in the United States, on ground that has been reclaimed by means of levees. The fields of grain and alfalfa are equal to any in the states we had visited. With four hundred miles of navigable waterways, transportation facilities are exceptional, and it is small wonder these valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin are the banner "growing section" of the state. It was like driving through a private estate

all the way to Oakland, where our first view of glorious San Francisco harbor greeted us.

Oakland and Berkeley, "the bedrooms" of San Francisco (as a prominent banker explained to us), are on the east shores of the bay. On the front of the City Hall in Oakland (which, by the way, we were told is the tallest building in California) was the sign, typical of these open-hearted people, "Howdy, Boys!" (to the returning soldiers) in place of the proverbial "Welcome."

Oakland is a large, rapidly growing city, with its fine two-million-dollar Hotel Oakland occupying an entire block. The Municipal Auditorium, seating thirteen thousand people, is near the shores of Lake Merritt, in the City Park. It is a great railway center, the terminus of the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, and Western Pacific lines. From here you take the ferry to San Francisco.

Berkeley is so near that we did not realize that we were not in Oakland. Days can be thoroughly enjoyed spent here at the University of California, the second largest educational institution in the world, commanding a view of the Golden Gate, the bay, and San Francisco. Early in the eighteenth cen-

tury, Bishop George Berkeley of Cloyne, Ireland, came to America to establish colleges. In recognition of his devotion to the cause of learning, this city was named for him. His prophetic words, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," have been justified and realized in California. On the university campus, the Sather Campanile towers above all the other buildings at a height of over three hundred feet.

The most distinctive feature of the university is the Greek Theater, in a hollow of the hills, planned on lines similar to those of the ancient theater at Epidaurus. The equable climate makes it possible to hold outdoor performances at any season of the year. We were told that ten thousand people could be seated comfortably. "Every artist who visits the Coast aspires to appear in our Greek Theater," said our informant, and added with pride, "Sarah Bernhardt, Nordica, Tetrazzini, Gadski, Schumann-Heink, and Josef Hofmann have all been here—yes, and 'Big Bill' Taft too." Since then, President Wilson addressed a capacity audience here.

As we knew that we should visit both of these cities many times, we drove to the

wharf and boarded a ferry-boat holding seventy-five cars, which would land us at our destination, San Francisco. While crossing the harbor, which is seventy-five miles long and in places fifteen miles wide, almost surrounded by high peaks, let me try to picture to you the scene that greeted our eager eyes. It was about seven o'clock in the evening. The rays of the setting sun made a glow over the water and the distant city, touching the tops of the hills with an artist hand. To the northwest, crowning the scene like a giant sentinel, was Mt. Tamalpais. What Fujiyama is to the people of Japan, Mt. Tamalpais is, in a less oriental way, to the Californians. Whether you see it at sunrise or sunset, or standing out in bold relief against the noonday sky, or with the moon silvering its summit, or wrapped in a mist of clouds, it is a glorious sight, a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Below this summit is the dense wilderness of the Muir Woods, named in honor of John Muir, the celebrated California naturalist, with 295 acres of towering redwood trees, the famous *Sequoia sempervirens*, many attaining two hundred feet in height.

Back of the city are the Twin Peaks, with

a boulevard encircling their heights, looking down on the harbor, alive with ships from every land—from the islands of the South Seas, the Mexican West Coast, China, Japan, Siberia, tropic America, British Columbia, Australasia, and our own dependencies of Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines—dressed with the flags of every country, and above them all, floating in its majesty, the Stars and Stripes, in honor of the arrival of the Pacific fleet, which, under command of Admiral Rodman, had passed through the Golden Gate that day and swung at anchor in the harbor—fifty splendid battleships of all descriptions, ablaze with lights. And small craft, from high-powered motor launches to fishing-boats, "wind-jammers," or old-time sailing-vessels, ocean liners, great freighters, transports, and tramps, all formed a part of the scene along the Embarcadero, where lie at anchor the ships that bear the merchandise and products of the world to this gateway of the West—over seven million tons of freight yearly. The true heroes of sea fiction man these ships—rugged, venturesome men, with whom Stevenson, Frank Norris, and Jack London have peopled their books and

pictured their scenes of the water-front of the city.

We were landed at the ferry slip, and with a sensation never to be forgotten we drove off the wharf into San Francisco—"the city loved around the world," built upon hills overlooking the expanse of the Pacific, with a cosmopolitan throng of half a million people. We could not have reached here at a more fortunate or auspicious time. San Francisco was *en fete* in honor of the fleet. Every street and building was festooned with flags, banners, and garlands of flowers; the crowds of people were carrying flowers and waving flags. Market Street, the Broadway of the city, was arched with flowers, and suspended from the largest arch was a huge floral bell of the native golden poppies. All public conveyances and even private cars were decorated. Searchlights illuminated the scene. Bands were playing, auto-horns were tooting, and the air was alive with excitement—joyous, overbubbling pleasure, that had to find a vent or blow up the place.

All of the hotels were packed. The St. Francis looked like the Waldorf on New Year's Eve. It was some hours before we

found refuge in the Bellevue, a fine residential hotel on Geary Street.

The next day the Transcontinental Government Motor Convoy arrived, which added to the celebration that lasted a week. It had come over the Lincoln Highway, with every conceivable experience; the gallant young officer in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles McClure, told us at dinner the next evening that "Our worst experiences were in the desert. The sand was so deep and the trucks were so heavy that at times we only made a mile an hour. When one got stuck, the men cut the sagebrush and filled the ruts, and then we were able to crawl." The city gave them an ovation, and "dined" them as well—and doubtless would have liked to have "wined" them also.

The next day we were in the thick of the whirl. I did not consider our trip really ended until we stood on the sands of the Pacific. We motored through the city, out to the former Exposition grounds, where but a few buildings were left standing, and to the Presidio, one of the oldest military stations in our country, embracing an area of 1542 acres, overlooking the harbor. The formidable

coast defenses make San Francisco the best-fortified city in America. Farther to the east is Fort Mason, the residence of the commanding officer of the Western Division; also, the transport docks, the only ones owned by our Government.

Driving through Lincoln Park, we entered Golden Gate Park, covering 1013 acres, with hundreds of varieties of plant life from all parts of the world, artificial lakes, boulevards, and the gorgeous flowers for which California is famed. We could hardly realize that at one time this was but a desolate expanse of sand-hills. Within the park is the stadium, the largest athletic field of its kind in America, thirty acres in all, seating sixty thousand spectators. The park extends to the Ocean Beach Boulevard, on the edge of the sands, where the breakers come bounding in against the Seal Rocks and the high promontory on which the Cliff House stands. The water is cold, and a dangerous undertow makes bathing unsafe, but the shore is lined with cars; hundreds of people and children are on the sand, and the tame sea-gulls are walking on the street pavement very much like chickens.

We went up to the historic Cliff House, the fourth of the name to be built on these rocks. Since 1863, the millionaires of this land and the famous people of the world have dined here, watching the sea-lions play on the jagged reefs. It is closed now, and looks as deserted as any of the tumble-down old buildings which surround it.

Along the Golden Gate shore for miles are points of interest and charming homes. Many of the bungalows are surrounded by flowers of every description and color, with apparently no attempt to segregate them. All shades of pink, reds, and purples are jumbled together; the sides of the houses are covered with vines, geraniums, heliotrope, fuchsias, and endless other plants, just one heavenly blotch of color! These little gardens seem to say, "Everything will grow in here; it may not be according to the ethics of landscape gardening, but at least you will love it"—and you do! We were especially struck with the absence of large grounds, even about the more pretentious homes, except, of course, out of the city, where the estates are the last word in beauty and luxury. There is a joyousness about the native Californian that is a

revelation. In other cities the people were proud of the homes, or the buildings, or the commercial life, or something man-made; here they just seem to glory in the sunshine, the climate, the scenery, and the flora—in fact, everything God-given. The "joy of living" expresses it—to me, at least. I can better understand now the feeling of California friends living in New York. "The place stifles me; I want to get back to the golden sunshine." Frankly, I used to think it a pose. I apologize!

Then, people have time here to be polite. On my first street-car ride, an elderly lady was hurrying to get off. "Take your time, madam," said the polite conductor, and assisted her off. In New York it would be, "Step lively there; step lively!" giving her a shove. In getting on a car my heel caught and I banged my knee. The conductor said, "I hope you didn't hurt yourself." In New York, if he noticed it at all, the conductor would have looked to see if I had injured the car!

"San Francisco has only one drawback; 'tis hard to leave," said Rudyard Kipling. That is true. I would like to speak in detail

of so many things—the fine hotels and municipal buildings, the beautiful country clubs and golf links; the old Dolores Mission and the churches; the Latin Quarter, Chinatown, and Portsmouth Square, the favorite haunt of Robert Louis Stevenson when a resident here; the Fisherman's Wharf, where the net-menders sit at their task with stout twine and long wooden needles, like a bit of "Little Italy"; of the fogs that keep everything green in the dry season, and in an hour's time disappear as if by magic, leaving the sunshine to cheer you; of the steep streets and houses built on "stepladders"; of Nob Hill, with its one-time sumptuous homes, now turned into clubs, and the splendid Fairmont Hotel, built upon the Fair estate. Books have been written on the restaurants of this city — French, Italian, Mexican, Spanish, Greek, and Hungarian—varying in price and in character of cuisine, with many high-class "after theater" cafés, frequented by the more exclusive patrons. Tait's at the Beach resembles the Shelburne at Brighton Beach or Longvue on the Hudson.

Soon after our arrival came the visit of the President and his party. Politics were dis-

carded. He was the guest of the city. San Francisco certainly spells "hospitality," and proved it. The decorations left from the welcome to the Pacific fleet and the Motor Convoy were still beautiful, but more were added. "A mass of waving flags" about describes it. A solid wall of humanity lined the streets, with thousands of children carrying fresh flowers and banners. Old Sol, in all his glory, challenged a fog to mar the splendor of his welcome. The luncheon of sixteen hundred women at the famous Palace Hotel spoke of the public spirit of their sex. No Eastern city could boast of a more attractive gathering. It was an interesting sight to see that assemblage sit in silence for over an hour, listening to a *man;* no matter what their private opinions were, they wanted to hear first-hand the convictions of their President—and they did, in plain Anglo-Saxon terms. But I have digressed, and left the reader and the car on the Ocean Drive.

Yes, this was indeed "the end of the road," with all of California yet to see. We had traversed the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific without an accident or a day's illness, and with only two punctures! We look back

on comparatively few discomforts, and many, many pleasures and thrilling experiences, with keen satisfaction.

Unless you really love to motor, take the Overland Limited. If you want to see your country, to get a little of the self-centered, self-satisfied Eastern hide rubbed off, to absorb a little of the fifty-seven (thousand) varieties of people and customs, and the alert, open-hearted, big atmosphere of the West, then try a motor trip. You will get tired, and your bones will cry aloud for a rest cure; but I promise you one thing—you will never be *bored!* No two days were the same, no two views were similar, no two cups of coffee tasted alike. In time—in *some* time to come—the Lincoln Highway will be a real transcontinental boulevard. But don't wish this trip on your grandchildren! The average motorist goes over five thousand miles each season, puttering around his immediate locality. Don't make a "mental hazard" of the distance. My advice to timid motorists is, "Go."

I have not tried to give a detailed description of anything in this brief narrative of our trip. Just glimpses here and there of the day's run, which may stimulate some "weak sister"

to try her luck, or perchance spur the memory of those who have "gone before us."

EXPENSES

In giving a table of our expenses, it is unimportant to give in detail the amount of the tips to porters or chambermaids, or to state what the hotel bill was in each place. That depends upon the individual—whether you care to have more or less expensive accommodations, or to what extent you care to indulge in "extras."

We paid (for two) from three to six dollars a night for room and bath, but in all cases there were cheaper ones to be had. The matter of restaurant bills is also a personal item. In giving the cost of hotels, I have included breakfast and dinner. The lunches are listed as "extras." The garage expenses included storage and washing the car. A night's storage varied from $1.50 in the East to fifty cents in the West. The cost of washing the car was from $1.00 to $2.50, also depending on the locality. Every man knows how often he wants his car cleaned. One New York man that we met in Minnesota told us that his car had not been washed since he

left. It looked it! This, by the way, was the only New York license that we saw west of Chicago. Rather remarkable!

Our total mileage was 4154 miles—thirty-three running days. We used 338 gallons of gas (21 to 40 cents), $99.80; sixty-one quarts of medium oil (15 to 35 cents), $12.80; garage, storage and cleaning, $28.50; hotels and boat fares for seven weeks for two, $256; extras (laundry, lunches, postcards, postage, fruit, etc.), $51.38; tips, $50; expenses in Yellowstone Park (including entry fee for car, $7.50), $100; work on car in service stations (looking over, oiling, etc.), $64.24; D. & C. boat from Cleveland to Detroit, for car, $14.-50. Total, $677.22, or about $13.50 a day for fifty days (for two people).

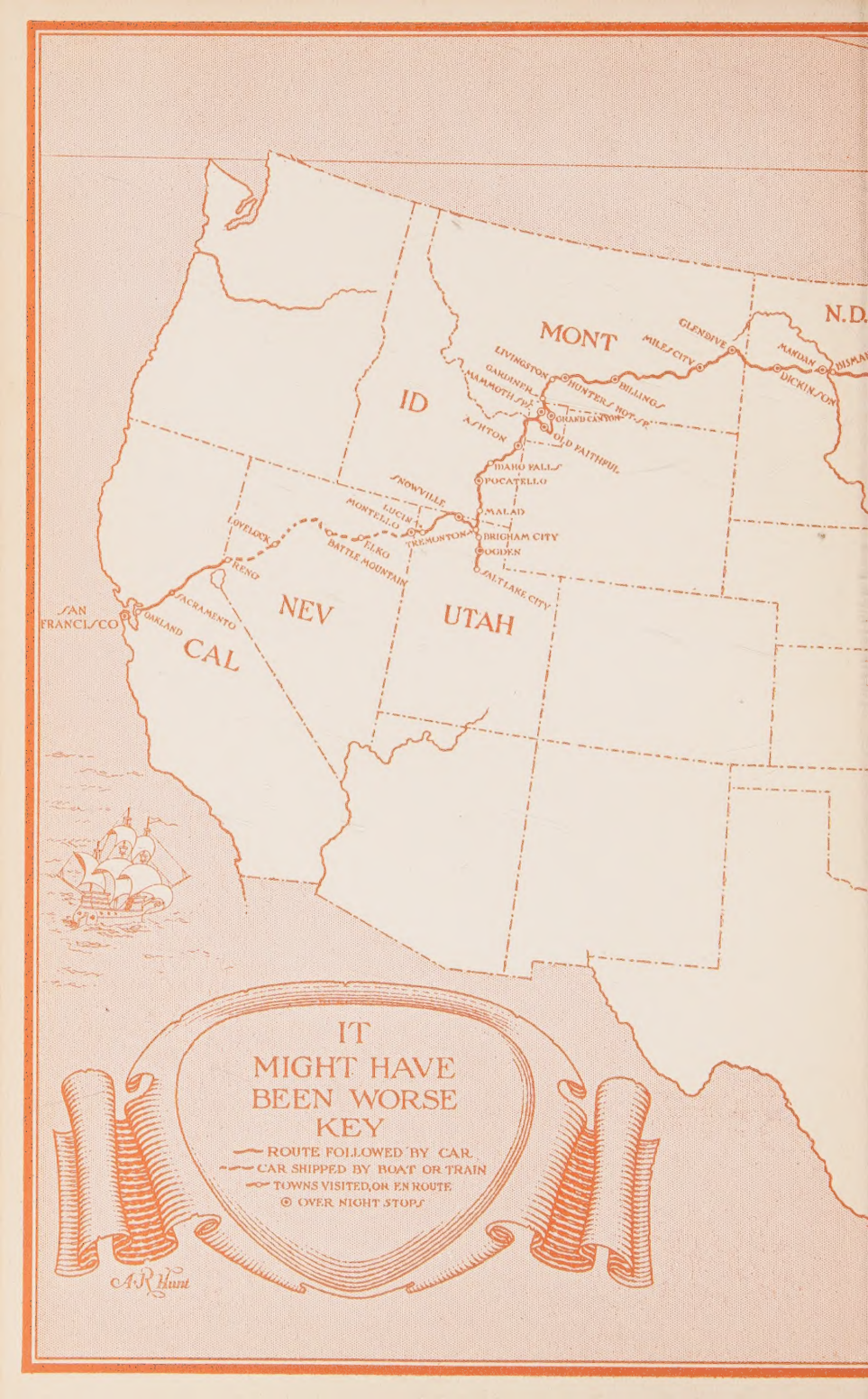
Additional expenses were adjustment on new tire (never used), $35; cost of shipping car across desert, $196.69; railroad tickets (including drawing-room, $17.75), $72.50. Total, $304.19.

We might eliminate the new tire adjustment of $35, and if we had driven across Nevada it would easily have been two hundred dollars less, but we should doubtless have had repair bills to balance that sum and

more. Except for gas, oil, and garage expenses, the rest can be easily adjusted, according to the individual, and lessened considerably. And remember that includes a war-tax on many things.

This trip can be taken in perfect comfort by two people for thirteen dollars a day, including everything, which means that you are *traveling* as well as *living*. Not bad, considering the "H. C. of L." today!

THE END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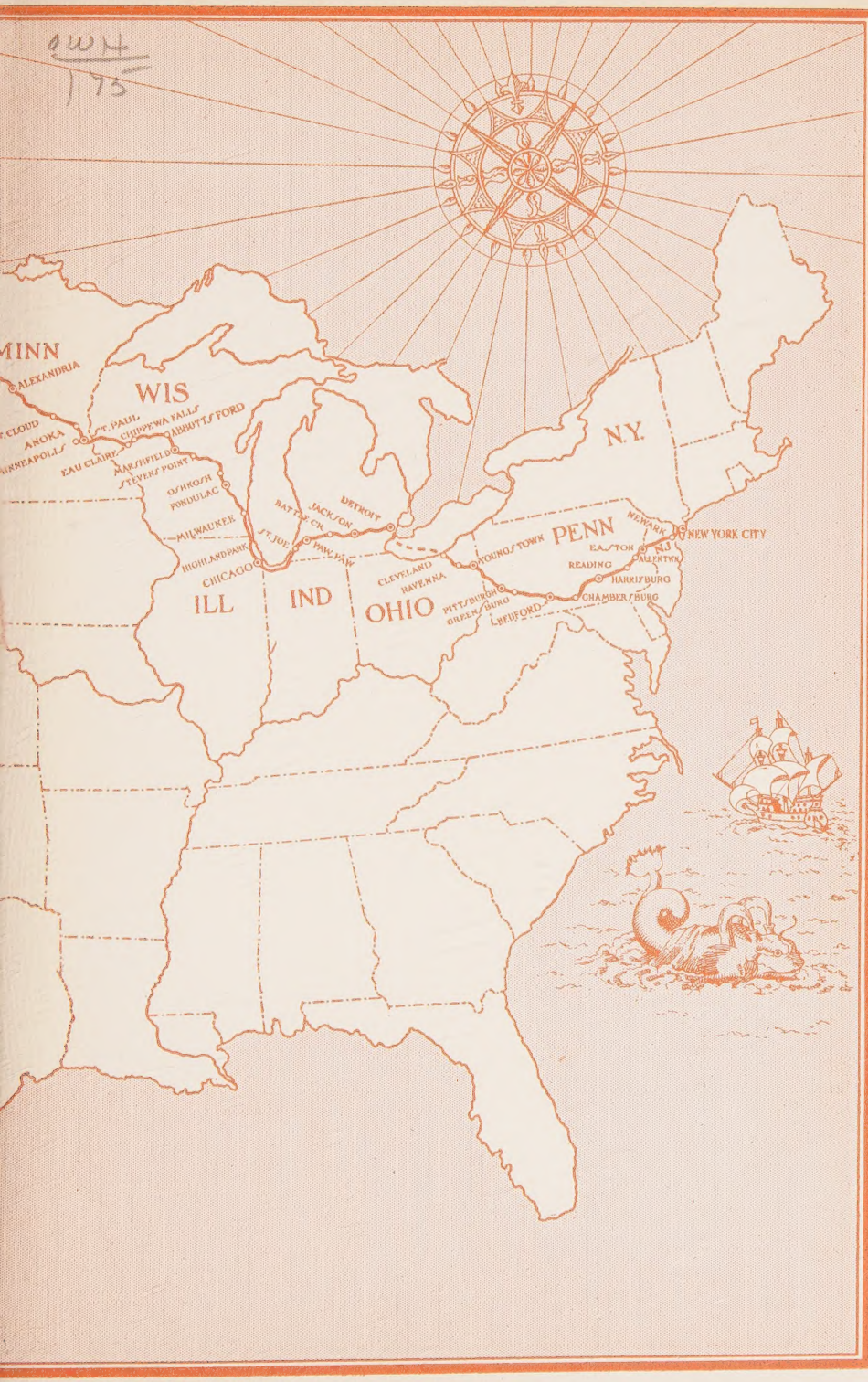
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PITTSBURGH
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